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AN experienced American journalist told us the other day that he could not imagine how the debt question could ever be settled until England refused to pay, but that, knowing the English, he was equally sure that we should be boobs enough to go on paying. As we write, the Cabinet has still made no statement, but it is expected to repeat the policy of last December—to say that it will pay, positively for the last time. If this is the upshot how can we expect to be taken seriously? And is not paying, after promising the British public, whose money is at stake, not to pay, really to break faith rather more clearly than to refuse to pay America after giving warning that we did not intend to pay again? If Great Britain is determined to be unco' good, Hitler is not troubled with similar scruples. The prospects are that the World Economic Conference will open next Monday without anyone having a clear policy except Dr. Schacht, whose demand for a general moratorium may at least have the desirable result of preventing the Conference from drifting off into a wilderness of talk about unrealities.

More or Less Tariffs

In these circumstances, the outlook is wholly uncertain. An effort is sure to be made to arrange a tariff truce as a preliminary to an agreed reduction of trade barriers. But the difficulties increase rather than diminish. India, faced with intensive exchange dumping of cotton goods by Japan, has this week raised her duties on all non-British cotton imports; and Turkey has adopted without previous notice a higher general tariff. There is little prospect of calling a halt to the tariff war until countries are assured that other means of relief are at hand. For the world is faced, since America's departure from gold, by a further menace of competitive exchange depreciation which, if it occurs, is likely to put still more obstacles in the way of international trade. There is a renewal of budgetary difficulties, especially in Australia, where the strain of the retrenchments imposed under the Premier's Plan is proving too much for most of the States. In general, the world hopes for much from the Economic Conference; but, in hoping for much, it also expects little—at any rate in the immediate future.

Procrastination at Geneva

The Disarmament Conference is adjourned for a month. This is to be regretted on several grounds, and particularly because it is imperative to get the French Government to agree to the reduction of land material, and that they are not likely to do until they have been pressed, and even isolated, in public debate. On the other hand, a conflict between Great Britain, the United States, and France on the eve of the World Economic Conference would obviously be undesirable, and it is just possible that private conversations in Paris may bring M. Daladier and his friends round. When the Conference does resume at Geneva, we hope that the British Government will be prompt to abandon its claim to carry on "police bombing"; that is essential to progress. It would also be an enormous gain if we definitely declared, as the U.S.A. and France have done, for total abolition

of military and naval aviation. Equally, or even more important, is it that we should come into line with France on budgetary limitation and in the supervision and control of armaments. "Control is security," M. Daladier has said. The Americans are prepared to give strong support to his proposals for investigating committees visiting each country, and with British support added, there should be little serious opposition from Germany or Italy, or anyone else, except perhaps Japan, which promises to be the fly in all Geneva ointment.

The Truce in China

Hopes of the Sino-Japanese armistice being the prelude to a satisfactory settlement of the Manchurian dispute have very little foundation. It is, as we said in these columns a week or two ago, a military truce and nothing more. The Japanese were eager to introduce political conditions, such as that China should agree to a lease of Manchuria for a period, and should call off the anti-Japanese boycott, whilst Japan on her side would renounce extraterritoriality and assist in the reconstruction of China. Some such arrangement found favour with a small section of the Chinese who are exceedingly bitter against the West. But the Government, and particularly Chiang Kai-shek, Wang Ching-wei, the Prime Minister, and other important personages, are profoundly suspicious of and hostile to Japanese militarism, and still, despite all their disappointments, look to the West. They only made terms with Japan because of the immense casualties in the fighting south of the Great Wall, and because they could not afford to lose Peking and Tientsin. Mr. T. V. Soong, the Chinese Finance Minister, who has come to London for the World Economic Conference, hopes to enlist American support for Chinese reconstruction as well as for more active and general measures designed to weaken the Japanese position. If he fails in this there may be a big, and perhaps a quick, change in China. The present Government may be displaced by an extreme nationalist group, hostile to all "foreign devils" including the Japanese, but ready to strike a bargain with Japan that will spell mischief for the rest of us.

Austria's Independence

Dr. Dolfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, paid another visit to Rome last week-end, with the obvious aim of strengthening his hand in his struggle with the Nazis. In that he had a considerable success. He got Italy's promise to implement her guarantee of a loan to Austria; he signed a Concordat with the Vatican; and he was able to announce (what is not news, but is repeated as a warning to Germany) that "an independent Austria has a warm friend in Signor Mussolini." Meanwhile, the principal German agitators have gone home; but whether that is to be taken as an acceptance of defeat is extremely doubtful. Many think that it is a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. The Austrian Nazis, despite the hard knocks they have had, are certainly not done with. "National Socialism" in Austria, stimulated and supported by its big German brother, may seem to many in that despairing country to have more to offer than Dr. Dolfuss's "Christian Socialism" or Dr. Otto Bauer's Social Democracy. It is a grim irony that the Social Democrats as well as the Liberals should be driven into alliance with reactionary conservatism in their own country and with Italian Fascism in order to preserve the independence of Austria. An independent Austria may be better than an Austria absorbed into Hitler's Germany; but, in the form to which it was doomed by the Treaty of St. Germain, it will remain a discontented and a dangerous unit in Europe. The only intelligent solution is an economic Danubian Federation, and of that there still seems no very near prospect.

A Significant Appeal

We hope that the Government will pay attention to the remarkable telegram sent to Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. It urges that since Gandhi and the Acting President of Congress have suspended civil disobedience and shown willingness to collaborate in framing the new constitution, those political prisoners who are detained without trial or convicted of offences not involving violence, for the most part under the Ordinances, should be released. The significance of this appeal lies in its signatories. A Congress telegram might, no doubt, be discounted, but it should be less easy to neglect an appeal which appears over a list of sixty names which, headed by Tagore, include men who have held the highest offices under the Crown as Ministers or Judges of the High Court, or Members of the Executive Council, as well as influential landowners, representative business men and eminent religious leaders.

Roosevelt and Congress

As we write, the fate of President Roosevelt's Industrial Recovery Bill is still hanging in the balance. The Bill proposes to suspend the Anti-Trust Laws for two years, and to give the President power to make for any or all industries binding schemes for the regulation of wages, hours of labour, production, and every aspect of industrial and commercial policy. The Bill as drafted gives the President the further power of licensing, or refusing to license, any industrial undertaking—in other words, of compulsorily closing down any business which refuses to carry out the policy which he prescribes. A battle is raging over this clause, which the Senate has so far agreed to pass only if its operation is limited to one year. A second battle arises out of the desire of the high protectionists to give the President power to raise tariffs or exclude imports prejudicial to the extension of employment in the United States—a plan which, if it were put into effect, would be obviously fatal to the entire attempt to lower trade barriers at the World Economic Conference. It may seem remarkable that American business should be prepared to accept in any form these drastic schemes of State regulation. But business sees in them the way of escape from the Anti-Trust Laws, and hopes that, in practice, the President will leave each industry to formulate for itself the schemes which are to be enforced by his authority.

More Employment

Employment is definitely on the up grade in Great Britain, as well as in the United States. In Great Britain there are over 350,000 more people now in work than there were in January. A considerable part of the improvement is, of course, seasonal; and much is due to the revival of activity in the building trades, where work deferred after 1931 has been put in hand on a substantial

scale, more than enough to effect the fall in subsidised building of working-class houses. Engineering has also improved, especially in the lighter branches, such as motor-car manufacture; and there has been a very slight upward turn in the iron and steel trades. This is all to the good as far as it goes; but it would be premature to regard it confidently as the beginning of any real or lasting revival. What it does indicate is that there is less of that damping down of activity which began in 1931, and that Great Britain is gradually achieving a precarious stabilisation within the highly unsatisfactory framework of economic nationalism built up during the past two years. There is no sign at all that stabilisation under these conditions can carry us far towards absorbing the main body of the unemployed.

The Housing Problem

There has been a good deal of talk about housing during the past week. The Prince of Wales has insisted, as he has often done before, on the need for vigorous action; we wish some personages in Whitehall and Westminster, who have more power in the matter, were as keen as he is. At the International Congress of Building Societies, Sir Harold Bellman claimed that the societies had made "a contribution of the most substantial order to the solution of the post-war housing problem." No doubt they have — especially in the way of assisting tenants to buy their homes. But this is not the only, or the main, way, as Sir Harold Bellman of course knows, in which the problem has to be tackled. "Housing over a wide area," as he said, "is of a deplorably low standard." Millions of the English people, to whom lavish promises were made by the Government fifteen years ago, are living like sardines in boxes—and often foul boxes—unable to pay the rents demanded for proper accommodation. The problem to-day is two-fold—the destruction of slums and the construction of new houses for letting which shall be both decent and cheap. How far this can be achieved without the Wheatley subsidies which the Government has abolished remains to be seen. The Building Societies are now called upon to make a contribution of a still more substantial order. If they do, they may accomplish something far more important than advancing "the ideal of home-ownership."

Whitsun Conferences

Whitsuntide conferences have been prolific in protests against the reactionary antics of the Government. Educationists were up in arms against the latest attempts of Whitehall to cut down still further the staffs in elementary and secondary schools. Trade Union conferences were chiefly concerned with defence against wage reductions and with the demand for the forty-hour week, which is to be discussed afresh at the I.L.O. session which opened this week at Geneva. The Co-operators have naturally been concerned to present a united front to the attack by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on their surpluses. Their resistance will have the sympathy of a vast number of people who are outside the Co-operative movement, for Mr. Chamberlain's tax is neither logical nor equitable. That part of the surplus which returns to members' pockets as dividend on purchase is to be exempt; that part which the members leave in reserve—though they might, had they chosen, have paid it all out as "divi"—is to be taxed. The argument that it will only put co-operators on exactly the same footing as shareholders in a capitalist enterprise is a palpable fallacy. The capitalist company's reserves are taxed, but so are its dividends; that is the crucial point. On the last day of the Congress a resolution against the Russian embargo was carried unanimously. The Co-operative movement has more than an academic acquaintance with the problem of Anglo-Russian trade, and the speech of Mr. Williams offered ample proof, if any further proof is wanted, of the idiocy of the Government's "cut off your nose to spite the Bolshevik face" policy.

* * *

The Socialist League, the new Left Wing organisation within the Labour Party, flung back its defiance at Mr. Citrine who had pronounced an anathema upon all forms of Left-wingism, and the League in particular, as a greeting for its first birthday. Sir Stafford Cripps, speaking for the League, repudiated the charge that it advocates dictatorship, but urged the need for a revision of nineteenth-century parliamentary methods as indispensable if Parliament is to be used as the instrument for the transition to a Socialist system. The controversy is of more than internal party interest, and it is a little disturbing that the first public discussions of it in the press show a good deal of misunderstanding about the issues involved. To denounce the League's proposals as "undemocratic" is erroneous, since Sir Stafford Cripps' policy, as we understand it, is openly to explain that important constitutional changes are necessary—amongst them the abolition of the House of Lords—and to ask for a mandate to deal with this and other problems by emergency decree just as the National Government appealed for a "doctor's mandate" in 1931. There are obvious arguments against this policy, and we can well understand the official leaders of the Labour Party feeling that to accept it would postpone their return to power But it is not in itself "undemocratic" to ask for special powers on the ground that without them the policy the nation has voted for cannot be carried out.

British Travel Number

Next week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include a British Travel Supplement, edited by Mr. S. P. B. Mais. We believe it will be of unusual interest to English people as well as to foreigners taking their holiday in England this year. The idea of the Supplement is to provide the traveller with useful suggestions about recent developments in the social and cultural life of England. Thus Mr. Mais will himself discuss not only "The Preservation and Destruction of the Countryside" and "Travel by Foot," but also "Experiments in Distressed Areas." Contributions include "English Architecture To-day," by Professor W. G. Newton; "Experiments in Agriculture," by Sir Daniel Hall; "Rural Community Councils," by Mr. Laurance Ramsbottom; "British Gardens," by Mr. Charles H. Curtis, editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*; and "The Briton and his Motor-car," by R. E. Davidson. Mr. W. J. Turner will write on the music that England offers to the visitor this summer, and there will be notes on the Repertory Theatre movement, on Conferences and Summer Schools, as well as reviews of specially selected new books.

ARMS AND SECURITY

IN an article we publish to-day Mr. Louis Fischer describes how in the United States the internationally minded economists are working for co-operation, while all the time vested interests are preparing for "autarchy" in the confident assumption that the Conference will fail. And exactly the same situation exists here and in all countries: even where Governments realise the necessity of co-operation they are actually in the hands of vested interests which force them to increase those trade restrictions which they have publicly admitted to be disastrous for the world. If this madness is to continue, the Economic Conference will fail just as the Disarmament Conference has so far failed, and for the same reason—that while the nations talk disarmament they are actually preparing for conflict.

Let us examine this process at Geneva a little more closely. Deadlock is reached about the bombing of natives, the size of tanks, the number of "effectives," the abolition of submarines and capital ships. Why? Not because these things could not be settled in ten minutes if Governments believed in the will and the power of other Governments to carry out their promises. They fail because everyone knows that while nations talk about disarming, the world is in fact arming with a rapidity only comparable to that in the years immediately before 1914. The first breath of reality came when the French Government, spurred on by the spectacle of Hitler rearming, declared—as we and so many other people have insisted again and again—that disarmament means nothing unless accompanied by public control over the manufacture of arms.

Let us begin with the more obvious signs of rearmament. In spite of the strength of public demand for disarmament and the undoubted sincerity of some at least of its political champions at Geneva, armament shares have risen to most gratifying heights. Hotchkiss, Schneiders, Skoda, Vickers-Armstrong, I.C.I. (whose activities in supplying the growing demand for the chemical basis of war are very extensive), military aviation firms like the Fairey Aviation Co. and Hawker's, now show business improvements which make the most extraordinary contrast with those of more peaceful industries. In part this extension of business is due to internal arming—in England, which claims special merit in these matters, the Government this year spent in addition to its expenditure in its own arsenals, two and a half millions with private armament firms for new naval construction— and in part to the international arms traffic. While the Governments have publicly condemned Japanese aggression, private firms have been growing fat on exporting arms to the East; more ludicrous still, two wars have been merrily proceeding in South America, neither of which could have been carried on without the help of arms exported from the very countries which were debating at Geneva how to stop the fighting.

The final touch of irony has come with the arrival of Hitler and the obvious rearming of Germany. So powerless are Governments to prevent armament firms making nonsense of public policy that we have the spectacle of Vickers-Armstrong advertising illegal weapons in the German press, and agents of Hitler—perhaps more important agents than Herr Rosenberg—apparently paying business visits to military aviation firms in this country. If we protest that we want a clear assurance that British manufacturers are not to be allowed to help Germany to rearm, will the answer be, as it was in the case of Japan, that British industry cannot be deprived of a share in a profitable market which would otherwise go to Schneider-Creusot (supposed to be a French firm, but with large German connections) or to Skoda, the Czechoslovakian subsidiary of Schneider-Creusot?

Two recent scandals have thrown curious sidelights on this business of arming the world. Hungary was disarmed after the war, and to-day she cannot boast of armaments comparable with the Little Entente forces around her. Yet she has accumulated a small fleet of aeroplanes supplied by Italy, where her pilots are trained, and in the Hirtenberg affair the public was given a glimpse of the process of rearming at work. Since neither Rumania nor Jugoslavia were likely to permit arms to go to Hungary through their territory, Italy sent them *via* Austria, and in order to avoid publicity the arms were unloaded in Hirtenberg, a small Austrian town from which they could be easily taken over the frontier. The accidental discovery of this transaction made an international incident of what is regarded in Central Europe as being an every-day affair. Further information about the rearming of Hungary has since been forthcoming in the French Chamber.

If the demand of disarmed nations for armaments accounts for some of the success of armament firms, the recent revelations in Rumania show that the old charges that armament firms sometimes increase their profits by bribery and the fomenting of war scares is as true to-day as it was in 1914. The full story of this Rumanian scandal has not yet been published in England; it will appear shortly in a sequel to the remarkable pamphlet the *Secret International*. What the world at present knows is that a scare was put about mainly in a paper devoted to Skoda interests, that Russian troops were massed in Bessarabia. The scare proved to be totally unfounded, but under its influence or under cover of its excuse very large orders were given to Skoda. The matter was raised in the Rumanian Parliament and it was at once seen that a number of high officials in the Army were involved. A General, who was a former Secretary-General of the War Ministry and Commander of an Army Corps, shot himself in his bureau. He was apparently only one of a number of officers who had been bribed. A certain Seletski, an army contractor and the Skoda representative in Rumania, was then discovered to have been singularly generous to his friends in Rumanian Government departments. His books showed entries of very large sums—hundreds of thousands of leis—to "charities" and for the entertainment of political friends and for "presents" to officials. The ramifications of the affair extend far and much has been done to hush it up. But enough has been exposed to make it impossible to argue that armament manufacturers have changed their spots since the war. While activities of this kind may be exposed any day, what security can there be in the world?

Many foolish things have been said in France about security. But that remark of M. Daladier's the other day —"security is control"—was sound sense. And if control meant not merely inspection, but the abolition of private armament manufacturing, talk of security would cease to sound like a bad joke.

AMERICA'S PROBLEMS

NEW YORK

EVERYWHERE in the United States there is talk of economic nationalism. People say we are a rich country and could easily be self-sufficient. "All we have to import is coffee and rubber," one Montana rancher said to me. He was underestimating our need for foreign goods, but the thesis is undoubtedly correct in general that we can produce enough to feed, clothe, and house ourselves. Nevertheless, Secretary Hull told the American Chamber of Commerce the other week that "no nation can live and thrive by itself." The idea of economic isolation was based on "fallacious theories," he said. Mr. Hull was right, and the Montana rancher wrong. The United States has advanced beyond the stage where its sole concern is the satisfaction of popular consumption requirements. We are a creditor nation, which is simply another way of saying that we have an industrial machine that produces more than our wage and salary earners, with their present income and the capitalists' present profits, can consume. We must therefore export money and goods. Our prosperity and the future of American capitalism depend very much on the possibility of holding old and finding new and better-paying foreign markets. The international struggle for markets has eclipsed the former battle for raw materials. It is not more natural wealth that we want so much as more customers to buy what we already have. Hence the new Administration's interest in the forthcoming World Economic Conference in London. Deliberate economic nationalism would be suicide. And yet, since no intelligent statesman is very sanguine about the results to be expected from London or from similar efforts, plans to accommodate the United States to a disastrous situation in which economic autarchy will be the only real alternative, are already under way.

It is interesting that the "Brain Trust," which does the Administration's thinking with Mr. Roosevelt, is fully conscious of the dilemma. American big business needs foreign expansion if retrogression is not to set in. But the road to foreign expansion is blocked. The Government's task, therefore, consists in trying to clear that road, and then, since this prospect is extremely limited, to weaken and cushion the shock of our system's backward movement. Nobody in Washington who deals concretely with budgetary or legislative programmes looks for a return to economic "normalcy" in 1933 or 1934. Those with longer vision hope that the regretted continuance of the depression will provide them with the support and mandate to reform the capitalist system by attempts at planning, control of industry, and, in the end, perhaps, restricted state capitalism. It is scarcely accidental, therefore, that just at this juncture professors who are critical in varying degrees of the capitalist order exercise so much influence at the White House. Not accidental, and not alarming, for the clever business man should realise that those "radicals" will endeavour to do that which he, in his conservatism, cannot undertake. Of all Mr. Roosevelt's shrewd political acts, the creation of the "Brain Trust" is the shrewdest. It shows he has a keen appreciation of new fundamental trends, and if he, Moley, Ezekiel, Tugwell, Taussig, Frances Perkins, Berle, Bullitt, Feis, James G. Rogers and occasional consultants of the "Trust" like Paul Douglas, can collectively keep clear of Wall Street strings, they will become a notable social phenomenon. Their job is to save American capitalism.

The Administration and its intellectual junta conceive their first duty to be a serious effort to make a success of the World Economic Conference. One able economist whose co-operation has been sought by United States Senators said to me: "If the conference fails the whole capitalist structure will go smash." This may be somewhat exaggerated, but the importance of the London meeting's aims cannot be exaggerated. The trouble is, however, that every one of the nations going into the conference has the same aim. We want to enlarge our foreign markets. So does England. So does France. So does Japan. So does Italy, etc. Indeed, as a strange preliminary to the conference, England stole a march on us—just when the delegates from Buenos Aires were sitting at the White House—and signed a treaty with the Argentine which will divert most of that country's trade to the United Kingdom. The "Open Door" in Manchuria has been slammed, lame statements to the contrary notwithstanding, which means barring us from that market and safeguarding it to Japan. Hitler has raised Germany's tariffs. France imposes a special surtax on exports from lands with debased currencies. The mad race for markets is on, and about the only thing the London deliberations can do is to prevent an international currency devaluation competition from making it madder still. Such a check, however, cannot create new purchasing power abroad. And that is what the world needs above all. Nations cannot buy from us unless they have the means. They would not have the means if all of them did the unlikely thing and reduced their tariffs simultaneously and equally. That would merely prolong the *status quo*.

The only method of raising foreign buying capacity is to invest money in undeveloped foreign countries, for the rich States do not want to buy and the poor cannot. America poured billions into Germany after the adoption of the Dawes Plan in September, 1924, and by so doing merely financed reparations and thus, in turn, Allied debt payments to her. Yet the resultant relative prosperity of Germany probably helped to postpone the international economic crash for five years, and that is much more significant than the loss of money loaned to Germany. Now, too, the world, and especially America, is perhaps entering upon a phase in which we will invest our surplus capital in some foreign States so that they may buy from us. Even if such investments are never returned they can bring relief until the next depression. I hear the objection that the American investor is not prepared to risk his dollars in foreign bonds after the dismal experiences of the recent past. This is a serious consideration and a big obstacle. Nevertheless, the rush to the stock market in the last few weeks shows that any rise in values will attract thousands whose fingers have once been burnt. And "a sucker is born every minute." There is a lot of unemployed money and credit in the United States, and if a sufficiently promising foreign outlet is discovered, those sums will flow in the direction of that outlet. Does such a field exist beyond the seas? Mexico? That country could have another anti-feudal revolution with our assistance which might pave the way towards industrialisation on American capital. Likewise some other Latin States. Canada? Safe politically except for British jealousy, and near enough to home to allay the investor's suspicions. Not much opening in Europe. . . .

Some time ago, an important Bolshevik Commissar came to America and was invited to dine with Henry Ford. They discussed cures for the depression. When one solution after the other had been dismissed as impracticable, Ford drew a lead pencil from his pocket and wrote on the tablecloth 160, 300, 400. Eight hundred and sixty million people inhabiting the Soviet Union, India and China. If they could be made effective consumers of American goods, we could enjoy at least one more wave of prosperity. On that the Bolshevik and billionaire agreed. Russia does present a rich possibility, but I am not sure that we can overcome political prejudices soon enough to reap early fruits. That is a special problem. India is more difficult. England stands in the way. Japan offers active competition. We have no experience in or knowledge of that market. China, finally, is the great unknown. Since Western preoccupation with domestic ills gives Japan *carte blanche* to go wherever she pleases in the Celestial Republic, it does not seem fantastic to suppose that Tokio will carve out a new East Asiatic Empire in China. If far-away England can rule a continent like India, the likelihood of Japanese conquest, outright or under some disguise, of most of Northern China, Inner Mongolia, Shantung and further down to the Yangtse is considerable.

Would we in that case scrap our traditional policies and use Japan as an agent for the exploitation of China in order to afford employment to American surplus capital? All these and many more schemes will be examined before we sink back into the morass of economic nationalism.

The "Brain Trust," consequently, is already exploring the alternative of economic nationalism. I believe that a Socialist State can achieve a high measure of economic autarchy. I believe, therefore, that Stalin was right in contending against Trotsky that, after many tribulations, Socialism can be built in one country, even in so backward a country as Russia. In the Soviet Union profits do not exist; therefore surplus values do not exist; therefore "over-production" is inconceivable; therefore foreign expansion can be dispensed with. The need for exporting American goods and moneys disappears in direct ratio to the diminution or redistribution of the "surplus values," that is, the difference between the values labour produces and the income labour receives, of American business. A policy of American economic self-sufficiency, accordingly, will succeed only to the extent that the profits of capitalists are curtailed or diverted for the community's use. This is what the "Brain Trust" must be working on. How can industry be controlled so that it surrenders part of its income or earns a smaller income without losing its incentive? Will some industries have to be taken over by the State if this plan is to function smoothly? Can profits be re-divided by means of a big public works programme for non-productive purposes?

Mr. Roosevelt ought to know that America's middle class will support any radical measure he could conceivably propose for the reorganisation of industry and of business in general. A month west of the Mississippi has convinced me that the country sees the New Deal as a promise to turn everything upside down. What was is no good, and any change would be a change for the better; this is the popular sentiment. I believe the economic situation of the country is worse and the economic thinking of the people more daring than most men in Washington and New York know or care to admit. Certain interests in the East may be determined to "get" the professors who have become our young "Elder Statesmen." But the millions say: "Step on it, boys. We're ready to take a chance." As long as industry needs the R.F.C. and as long as the White House can hold the threat of criminal investigation over the big bankers' heads, the "Brain Trust" has a unique opportunity of becoming the trusted servants of America's petty bourgeoisie.

I discern three major social-economic trends in the United States: (1) our working class is developing into a proletariat, that is, working-men who are not at the same time capitalists. (2) Our farmers are becoming peasants, that is, soil tillers who own little if any property. (3) Our Government is acquiring bigger and bigger stakes in private industry, that is, State capitalism. The Administration may be expected to endeavour to hamper the first two tendencies and foster the third. Its policy will consist in maintaining the middle-class characteristics of the working and farming populations, and concurrently, in adopting an attitude of hostility towards big business. That attitude, however, may become an empty pose if, as is very likely, Washington countenances and even encourages mergers and amalgamations whereby big business grows bigger still and reaps larger profits. Yet outwardly and in part actually, the Government should tend to court the little capitalist in preference to Wall Street. This is the necessary concomitant of economic nationalism. But during its initial stages, many of Washington's policies will be contradictory, and some will cancel out others. The character of American society permits of no single-track policy. Developments towards autarchy will move parallel with efforts for foreign expansion. Prolonged skirmishing undoubtedly impends between the upper bourgeoisie and our middle-class interests. The proletariat, too, is becoming slightly more vocal. America begins to be a fascinating social spectacle.

LOUIS FISCHER

THE ENGLISH CLIMATE

THE English climate is the key to the understanding of the English character. To it may, in large measure, be attributed the variety of types which make up the English nation—a variety greater than is to be found in the people of any other country in Europe. The English themselves, possibly by reason of that familiarity which notoriously destroys respect, are apt to speak slightingly of the climate that has done so much to make them what they are. But it is characteristic of them to be self-depreciatory in expression, however self-complacent may be their inner attitude. To this national habit is doubtless due their eternal grousing over the English climate; for in the bottom of their hearts is an affection for it of which they become conscious only when separated from it. In fact, it is probably the best, as it is the most interesting climate in the world, affording a taste of every kind without excess of any. It is a universal experience that energy and enthusiasm flag when and where climatic conditions are constant. A monotony of cold or of damp, of sunshine or of dryness, is invariably depressing to the spirit and to the physiological activity of man. It is the problems set by Nature that stir human imagination. Where comfort is too easily secured, decay sets in. We assign undue value to those things which Nature doles out sparingly; and we talk in almost Utopian language of such things as ozone, ultra-violet light, and the rest, as though man could not have enough of them. There is a popular notion that, if we could only have perpetual sunshine and a constant comfortable warmth, we should all be happier and healthier. This is the merest rubbish. It is our trained powers of adaptation that matter, so far as health is concerned; and it is variation, with an open mind for its appreciation, that matters so far as our happiness and aesthetic development are concerned. The sensitive Englishman condemned to live in sunstruck lands longs for the grey skies and moving clouds of his homeland.

It is hard to see how a foreigner, unfamiliar with the climatic aberrations and variations of Britain, can truly appreciate much of what is finest in English literature. English weather can never be taken for granted; it is never far from our consciousness; so that our poets, our dramatists and our essayists, to say nothing of our novelists, rightly set their scenes against a climatic background which has profound spiritual and psychological significance. To the alien reader, much of this description must seem mere irrelevant padding; and one understands Mark Twain's amusing decision to print a selection of weather at the end of one of his books, to which any reader, who felt a need for weather, might turn and help himself. But a very large part of English literature must be lost on those who are unfamiliar with such characteristic English assets as a mist on the Zennor moors, a storm at Hell's Mouth, a thunderstorm on the fells of Westmorland, a steady downfall of rain on Windermere, a sharp east wind at Scarborough, a July sun on the cornfields skirting the Bristol Channel and a fall of snow on the Sussex Downs. Without such first-hand knowledge, it is difficult to see how anyone is to understand the Englishman; for it is these things by which his mind is largely moulded. The peculiar climatic circumstances of England should be looked at in the same appreciative and inquiring spirit we apply to national temperament, national architecture, and other expressions of national genius.

Few people realise the magnitude of the influence which climate exercises on the character of man. It was long ago noted that peoples who live in a temperate, cool climate are generally "intelligent, industrious, humane and frugal." Montesquieu remarked that the taste for delicate pleasures is far commoner in temperate countries than in countries where the extremes of temperature are more pronounced. In conditions approaching the Arctic, Nature is too discouraging and the bare necessities of life are too hard to come by to allow much room for the development of fancy; whilst in tropical and sub-tropical countries the tendency is towards

indolence of body and of mind. We have only lately learnt of the important part played by variations of physical environment in the promotion of physiological health; and perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the climate of England is its instability. There is no other country where the changes in the weather figure so largely in everyday conversation; and this is no mere idle fashion, for every day here is a climatic adventure. The weather forecast is perhaps the most eagerly scanned passage in the newspapers, and it receives, probably, the most anxious attention from wireless listeners. The diversity of our climate is marked, not only as from one day to another, but as from place to place. For although the total area is so relatively small—no place in the British Isles being more than about eighty miles from the sea—atmospheric conditions vary even at the same moment out of all proportion to differences in latitude or longitude. Thus, for example, while the average rainfall in Cumberland amounts to about 129 inches a year, in parts of Essex it is only 19 inches. So with the average hours of sunshine, which on the South Coast are over five daily—taking the year through—in the Midland counties under four, and in Manchester under three.

A mere quantitative statement, however, gives a very inadequate idea of climatic actualities. It is, for instance, important to note that at the seaside—for obvious reasons—more rain falls by night than by day; and that the mean daily range of temperature is, in early summer, more than double the average range in winter; being lower, also, on the coast than inland, and lowest of all at those parts of the coast which are influenced by the Gulf Stream. The fact that these islands lie in the direct line of the Gulf Stream explains much of the agreeableness of our climate when compared with that of other countries in the same latitude—Labrador, for instance.

It has been said that "no place can claim to be a satisfactory health resort which cannot show to its credit at least fifteen hundred hours of sunshine yearly." And that is the average potential duration of sunshine for England and Wales. On the south coast, as well as on the south-east, the average of sunshine is, of course, much higher; but our Midland towns seriously reduce the national score. In the matter of temperature, the variation is equally great, especially in winter; and this bears but small relation to latitude. It gets colder as we move from west to east; and the temperature of the east depends largely on the width of sea that separates the coast from continental influence. The sea is, of course, a great equalising medium—so that the average daily range of temperature at Newquay, facing the Atlantic, is only about one-half that of Cambridge. Between the February temperature of the surface of the sea in the Dover Straits and that in August, there is an average difference of but eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. The fact that the hills of the British Isles are mostly on the western side is the chief explanation of its greater humidity and greater cloudiness.

A lot of conventional notions as to what constitutes a healthy climate need revision. The superior virtues generally attached to this or that health-resort or spa are not always so evident on analysis. English air and English sunshine are in no essential ways inferior to those of France and Spain. But climates, like prophets, do not always receive the respect they deserve. "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? No doubt the fashion will change, and English spas will one day be regarded on the Continent much as continental spas are now regarded in England.

Meteorological statistics of themselves constitute but a very inadequate guide either to the desirable or the hygienic. Continued heat and sunshine become as wearisome as continuous cold and mist. Each variation has its own quality and makes its own appeal to our sensibility; but its stimulus is dependent on contrast. The visitor to England, if he is to get the most out of his trip, should start with few prejudices. Even a London fog, if not too long continued, has its aesthetic points. Delightful is the blue sky of June after the mists of winter and early spring; but delightful also is a steady rain falling in summer on trees, so that the leaves drip and the stems gently droop, whilst the ground thirstily drinks, sighing forth fragrant breath as it does so. One's senses are not overwhelmed and aesthetically numbed as they are by the blazing sun; and the more delicate and more consciously appreciative emotions quicken. "We are prepared to see visions." Thoreau remarked somewhere in his diary that even winter in England has a spring-like quality.

HARRY ROBERTS.

A HUNGARIAN DIARY

BUDAPEST, *June 3rd.*

IN his capacity as motoring correspondent for the *Daily Mail*, Sir Malcolm Campbell has been attending this week's Conference of the International Federation of Journalists. On Lord Rothermere's behalf he deposited a wreath on the monument in Liberty Square "dedicated to the sufferings of Hungary which will soon be changed into joy." Now, having myself spent the week here as a member of this Conference in talking to numerous Hungarian politicians, officials, journalists and private citizens, I am prepared to admit that there are many things that want changing in present-day Hungary, but I have altogether failed to discover how a joyful change can be speedily achieved. I do not know just what converted Lord Rothermere to his enthusiasm for Hungary—a warm welcome from Admiral Horthy, the Regent and thinly disguised dictator, is said to have had something to do with it, and the great beauty of Budapest—one of the two or three most beautiful capital cities of the world—the gaiety and culture of its aristocracy, which is ceaselessly charming and hospitable—all these may have helped to convince Lord Rothermere that the Carthaginian peace which he advocated so savagely in 1919 was a mistake. But I am convinced that neither he nor any of the other vehement advocates of the "revision" of the Treaty of Trianon has ever considered what revision is practicable, or how to bring a joyful end to Hungary's sufferings without inflicting even greater injustices on other people.

* * *

If Hungary had really been a nation when the Treaty of Trianon halved its population and reduced its territory by two-thirds, the case would be comparatively simple. But of the ten million inhabitants of Hungary who are now ruled by Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Austria, only about three millions are Magyars and the mixture of populations is so great that the task of restoring even these three millions without creating new minorities seems insuperable. There is a Magyar "fringe," particularly in Bohemia, which could and should be restored, but I've not met any Hungarian revisionists who would regard such a restoration as more than an *hors d'oeuvre*, nor have I yet seen evidence that the lost subject populations of the Magyars would welcome their restoration to Magyar rule. It offers them few attractions. In Hungary thirty per cent. of the land belongs to twelve hundred people, and the peasants live in huts and are still paid partly in kind. (In one village where our guides had taken precautions against the villagers thinking we were tax collectors, we were welcomed into one of the huts, and found that the man's wages were 5s. a week and a considerable quantity of corn.) The landlords are mostly bankrupt and the upper classes play at gaiety in the historic manner of functionless aristocracies. There is no more brilliant or smarter place in Europe than Budapest, and a function given by the Regent or the Prime Minister (I have had a taste of both this week) carries one back to the days before the French revolution, when halberdiers in scarlet and leopard skin, gorgeously robed ecclesiastics, and officers in all the colours of the rainbow were the natural setting for State functions. Just outside the city I visited a colony of unemployed. They live in mud shan-

ties about the size of the tool-sheds on an English allotment. I am told there are about 30,000 of them in these colonies. Not long ago one such colony, where *les misérables* lived not in shanties but in holes scooped from the ground, was recently abolished in order to make a race-course. I'm told that tuberculosis—which often means famine—is the commonest cause of death. There is no dole, but it was reassuring to learn that there is much municipal as well as private charity, and that the Regent's wife, who is a great organiser of charity, has the dossiers of thousands of the unemployed and can tell you which are the deserving cases.

* * *

It is better to be a deserving case. Communists are hanged, and the Hungarian police have a very highly developed third-degree method of extorting "confessions." The usual torture is beating with truncheons on the soles of the feet. In a recent case a mother and child were convicted of murdering the father by their own confession. It happened that the real murderer was discovered before sentence was carried out, so that the nature of the "confession" could not be disguised. In another case the relative of a well-known banker complained of police torture, whereupon the detective with charming naivety asked the judge (there are no juries in Hungary) how he could believe such a story in view of the birth and position of the accused. The implications of this virtual confession of the use of torture by the police were discussed, in careful terms, in at least one newspaper. But that is as far as a newspaper in Hungary can safely go. The press is tied in a number of ways and the Government can suppress any paper at will. (Several papers have, I gather, direct subventions from the Government, but a very effective control is exercised through the printers, who usually depend largely on Government printing for their livelihood.) There is no real Parliamentary opposition. Eckard, the nominal opposition leader, is a clever man, with a reactionary record. He is a friend of Gömbös, the Premier, and goes far enough in advocating the extension of the secret ballot (now mainly confined to the town constituencies) and in demanding land reform to make it look as if there were a real opposition. There can be no real opposition to-day. It would not be tolerated for a moment. The Government's most useful and clever method of preventing one coming into existence is a system of "presentation," by which a tenth of the voters must announce their support of a candidate before he puts up for Parliament. In a country where more than 60 per cent. of the Budget is spent on the salaries and pensions of Government placemen this proportion is usually quite unobtainable for anyone whom the Government dislikes. I should add one thing. If a Hungarian were to discuss conscription or re-armament he would probably go to prison. A foreigner who raises the issue is politely side-tracked. But it is matter on which I nevertheless made some interesting discoveries—to which I may return another week.

* * *

The Hungarian tokay is one of the best wines in the world. We were generously treated with it. It was advertised as a cure for tuberculosis, syphilis, and cancer. None of us, I hope, suffered from any of these diseases, but I noticed that tokay proved an excellent cure for that excessive sobriety which is the characteristic disease of the English.

* * *

Everyone makes jokes about Dolfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, who is standing up so gallantly to Hitler. Reactionary as he is, every one except the Nazis wants him to win, and the spectacle of five-foot nothing (Dolfuss is actually an inch under five feet high) defying the big bully is always a popular one. Therefore, a certain affection creeps into the voices of his political opponents when they describe him climbing on to a chair to beat the table with his fist in his famous interview with Dr. Frank; when they tell you that Austria is to have a new postage stamp with a portrait of Dolfuss on it—"life-size"; when they describe the mistake made by an official who thought a tortoise was coming along the road until he discovered that it was the Chancellor wearing a steel helmet!

* * *

From an evening paper's account of the visit of the King and Queen to the Chelsea Flower Show:

> Rippling water ran down through the rocks into a deep pool edged with alpine plants in full bloom, and the King asked, "How do you keep the water so clear?"
>
> He was told that it was done through the constant running of water.

* * *

Standing notice in the *Gospel Minister*, Westfield, Indiana:

> On and after October 1st, 1932, subscriptions will be received only on the following condition: Should the Lord return to take His church out of the world before the time for which subscription is paid, and the paper therefore suspends publication, all obligations will be considered fulfilled.

Quoted in the *American Mercury's* Americana.

* * *

> Lord Snowden and Mr. MacDonald entered Parliament on the same day in 1906. In the storm and stress of Socialist agitation their names were always linked. Now one came forward; now the other. But always both of them.—Daily paper.

* * *

> Being considerably depressed at the way in which Mr. Baldwin and the rest persist valiantly in trying to throw India to the dogs, I went out the other morning to see a rehearsal of the Trooping of the Colour. It's always a tonic to me to see the Guards. There's something about them that seems a final insurance against anything particularly fatheaded which our more sentimental politicians may do. —Sunday paper.

* * *

> Mr. Kirk advocated the discouragement of gambling in stocks and shares. Mr. H. A. King said: "I am not prepared to say that a bookmaker shall not have Communion, or those who share in sweepstake fortunes. I have many friends who have shares in tickets. And one of them promised me a half if he won. I said that I could not accept for the Church, but would for myself. Unfortunately he drew a blank."—From report of Convocation discussion on gambling.

* * *

> . . . Sarah Churchill was there with both her parents and her brother Randolph. I heard her tell her chauffeur that she would not want the car again. "I don't know about Mummie," she said, and then, "Good night, John," so charmingly that I was comforted to think that the modern girl still has nice manners for her retainers.—*The Sketch*, May 24th, 1933.

CRITIC

THE TOUCHSTONE

WHAT shall the wretched layman take
  For saving truth, when doctors differ,
And each appeal their patients make
  Leaves them more truculent, and stiffer?—
While Churchill swears we yield too much
  And Congress vows we grant too little,
The fate of India, in the clutch
  Of factious hands, seems wondrous brittle.

What shall we common folk believe
  The true criterion of aggression,
When from each pundit we receive
  A contradictory impression?
How shall "the average sensual man"
  Hit on the method of disarming,
When every State puts forth a plan—
  And finds all other plans alarming?

And when the Conference seeks for ways
  To resurrect the bankrupt nations,
What clue shall guide us through the maze
  Of its profound deliberations?
On tariffs, prices, debts, and gold
  (To judge by what we've heard from some of them),
The views the delegations hold
  Will cancel out till nought can come of them.

My choice from one brief axiom starts :
That diplomat my humble bet is on
Who puts the whole before the parts
And saves the ship by timely jettison.
The delegate whose speech should run :
" I've an objection ; but I waive it
For sake of getting something done,"
Would daze the Conference—and might save it.

MACFLECKNOE

SURPRISED

GUIDE-BOOKS were never favourite reading of mine. I cannot penetrate those thickets of fact without exhaustion. My mind shrinks before unending courses of names and dates. The writers of guide-books seem to believe that there is no limit to one's interest in the details of museums and churches. They incite one to look at pictures abroad that one would not think worth a glance at home. And they try to shepherd one into enthusiasms which one would be much more likely to experience if one were left free to make one's own discoveries. I like to have a guide-book in my bag when I travel, but I prefer as a rule not to read it till I get home, when I can sit down at leisure and see how many things I have missed.

Fortunately, when I was going to Spain the other day, a friend gave me a rather unconventional guide-book, which made no attempt to anticipate the raptures natural to a visitor in a foreign country if left to himself. At least, the author quoted enough in disparagement of the most beautiful towns in Andalusia to give the reader a delightful surprise when the reality rose before him. How pleasant it is to be told that Cordoba has no good hotel and that the town is a " neglected churchyard " with " something stifling " in the atmosphere, and then to find oneself in a capital of flower-filled patios, brilliant as the sun that shines on them, with men and women, mules and donkeys, moving through the streets in a perpetual decoration, with a guide of the tenderest historical eloquence to take one through the forest of the horse-shoe arches in the Mosque, with " little eagles " soaring and swifts screaming above and goldfinches singing below, and with as excellent a hotel as a man descending stiffly from a long journey by motor-coach could desire ! If I had been told in advance that Cordoba was incomparably and flawlessly beautiful, I should probably have been disappointed, for no town on earth can live up to such a description. As it was, preliminary disparagement gave an edge to one's delight, and, if the motor-coach had not been waiting, I could have remained happily among that unhurrying population in its setting of white-washed houses and tiled roofs for—no, not for ever, but for at least a week.

The same guide-book was equally serviceable as regards Granada. It began with a warning against the Alhambra Palace Hotel, that odd building that rises like a cliff on the hill above the city. " I have never been in a hotel I liked less," declares the writer, " nor known one concerning which I have heard so much complaint from fellow-travellers." Either the hotels of Spain must have vastly changed since the guide-book was written, or the author must be harder to please than I, for I have seldom been in a hotel I liked better. This may have been largely due to the fact that from the balcony of a third-floor bedroom there is such a prospect to be seen as must be rare in any European city. On the evening of my arrival the new moon and the stars were shining, and far beneath one the city, with its innumerable lamps, had the appearance of a second sky with a host of stars. By day the rich plain could be seen stretching on all sides to the mountains, the snowy tops of the Sierra Nevada above, the palms below spreading their leaves in a South Seas languor of sunshine. All day long countless swifts—the swift appears to be the bird of Spain—screamed around and pursued insects to the very wood of the window-sashes, which they struck with their bills. A Swede, who was unaccustomed to such birds, asked me : " Do you have black swallows in England, too ? " One day a swift was caught either in a hole above my window or, being young, was too timid to begin flying at so precipitous a height : whereupon another swift flew up to it and, seizing a wing in its claws, attempted to drag the helpless bird from the hole. A third swift followed with a similar effort, and at last, amid screams of triumph, the bird was dislodged and off insect-hunting with his companions. Granada, however, is not only a city of swifts, but a city of cocks. An hour before midnight all the cocks of Granada begin crowing at the foot of the Alhambra, and, with a brief interval, continue to crow through the night. Such a rivalry of virile song is very charming to one who is not a resident but a visitor, blended as it is with the Andalusian love-songs of late home-goers.

As for the Alhambra itself, the guide-book fortunately quoted a disparaging description which prepared one for an orgy of meretricious frippery. It is difficult, however, to look on anything that has lasted so long as frippery—on anything that has not only lasted a very long time, but is a monument to one of the great hours of European history. I know astonishingly little history for a middle-aged man, but some inherited partisan pleasure stirs in me in presence of the last Moorish stronghold that fell to the Christians. I do not know why I should be glad that the Christians took Granada, because, according to one of my guide-books, they behaved to the Moriscos as Hitler is behaving to the Jews, and ruined it. " Under the Christians," it declares, " Granada fell on evil days ; religious intolerance, culminating in Philip III's expulsion of the Moriscos in 1609, robbed it of its most industrious and most useful citizens, and the lost glory was never recaptured." Yet, narrow-minded as I am, I cannot help always being on the side of the Christians at a historical crisis. What scoundrels they often were, and how charming, according to many accounts, the peoples they conquered were ! Yet, after all, the Christians were Christians—of sorts. If they had been defeated, how we should have idealised them !

Not that I do not sympathise with the Moors as I wander through the sunny courts of the Alhambra and among the fountains and gardens of the Generalife higher up the hill. They were so obviously lovers of sunshine and shade and flowers and flowing water and colour and enchanting prospects. They may not have given their fettered Christian prisoners a good time, but they gave themselves—at least, the rich and powerful among them—a very good time. To turn a fortress into a palace of play and prettiness showed a certain innocence of heart. All those little cups of ceiling with their pendent decorations of painted wood and plaster are the perfect adornment of a pleasure-house. It is, perhaps, nature rather than art to which the Alhambra owes most of its beauty—the eminence on which it is built, the mountains in the distance seen from all points, the blue sky and the sun overhead. But it was a race of artists who constructed a building to be so cunning a trap for natural beauty. It was a race of artists, too, who made the gardens of the Generalife with prospects lovelier still, with fountains playing and with water flowing down the top of a balustrade on each side of a flight of steep steps, where nightingales sing above the myrtles and oleanders. One can understand Boabdil's emotion—see guide-book—when the Christians had driven him out from this paradise and he wept as he looked back at the courts and gardens he had lost. " Weep not like a woman," said his mother sternly, " for what you could not defend like a man." It was a hard saying, considering that a weakling even more than a warrior was likely to feel perpetually secure in that fortress of fountains and nightingales.

As for Ferdinand and Isabella and Columbus, who are among the many ghosts of the Alhambra, they are great names, and some day I must read about them ; but it was the Moors, not the Christians, who made the best of Granada. There is some Christian art in the Cartuja that seems like a dip into Hell after the enchanted gardens on the hill. I have often heard of the things Catholics once did to Protestants, but

never before had I seen such bloody representations of the things Protestants once did to Catholics. Belfast and Granada ought to exchange pictures—a few old-fashioned Belfast election-posters against the paintings in the Cartuja. How amiable the garden-loving Moors seem in comparison with these pictured butchers! I should almost have been tempted to become pro-Moor if I had not seen the fetters of the Christian slaves rusting on the outer wall of the Cathedral at Toledo. A bad lot, these human beings—intolerable if it were not for the many excellent things they have left behind them! Y. Y.

Correspondence

POLICE BOMBING

SIR,—Those who read Mr. Baldwin's speech last November upon the future dangers of aerial bombardment in Europe may well have hoped that our Government would have been ready for some substantial sacrifice to obliterate the evil. It appears, however, that they are ready to destroy such an opportunity because they state, and with truth, that aerial warfare is (*a*) highly efficacious, (*b*) economical, (*c*) reasonably humane when compared with the use of ground troops when used for what they describe as *police* purposes in the wilder regions of the Empire. Incidentally, all these arguments were used by those who liked shooting big game from motor cars in Kenya until some "sentimentalists" intervened on behalf of the animals!

The Government's case, whilst being correct as far as it goes, has two weak points. In the first place, the use of the word "police" bombing, whilst giving a respectable and non-military tone to the affair, is certainly not justifiable. Militarily justifiable it may be, but the essence of police work must surely be some power to discriminate between guilty and guiltless, and this is what the bombing of native villages cannot claim to do. The misdeeds of a native village are nearly always due to the actions of its headmen, the peasants are quite busy enough scraping a bare living from an unfruitful soil to embark upon trouble unless incited or more probably forced to do so. When, however, such villages are bombed, it is the leader who escapes with sufficient money and prestige to keep himself fairly comfortably elsewhere whilst the villages, excluding the question of direct casualties, drag out a wretched existence for months, probably a year, without sufficient shelter, clothes or crops. I have seen the non-combatant element of a bombed village forced to walk nearly a mile to the nearest water to drink on their hands and feet because there was not a bowl or drinking cup left amongst the ruins!

Further, once a tribal lashgar is on the warpath and there are bombing operations against it, it is obvious that the villages bombed are those the lashgar chooses to visit, a visit the local inhabitants are powerless to prevent, which further excludes any excuse that the villages destroyed are necessarily the guilty ones.

Secondly, the Government's defence of aerial operations is so worded as to suggest that the suppression of bombing would entirely negative such operations, and this is not the truth. There are two methods of attack, bombing and machine-gun fire, the latter of course does not destroy villages; but is this altogether a disadvantage? When a village is destroyed the men who have left (and taken their rifles) are almost certain to join any rebel forces available as the only method left of obtaining a livelihood. Further, by destroying a village where the fighting population has already joined a rebel leader, you have removed the greatest temptation they possessed to return to a peaceful life!

The Kurdish rebel leader who surrendered in 1930 stated that his failure was entirely due to the air operations against him, amplifying this by pointing out that, when fighting ground troops, he could always retire to some inaccessible spot and rest his men and his horses, but that he could never escape from aeroplanes, which might always appear at a few minutes notice. It was the direct attacks upon him and his men rather than the bombing of his village in the rear which broke his spirit. Incidentally, the extent of the bombing of villages in this highly successful campaign was, for political reasons, cut down to an almost negligible amount, a precedent unfortunately not followed the next year. In the circumstances, are the advantages of the Geneva proposal so out of proportion to the sacrifices we are asked to make?

PHILIP S. MUMFORD

St. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe, Kelvedon.

THE CONTROL OF ARMAMENTS

SIR,—Now that a stringent public control of armaments and manufacture of armaments in all countries has become practical politics, the natural sceptics are assuring us that control has failed to prevent Germany from rearming. The facts appear to be as follows:

After the war the disarming of Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria was supervised by Allied Commissions of Control. When these were satisfied that the armaments clauses of the Treaties had been executed, they handed over to the League of Nations the work of maintaining the reductions. An elaborate system of control was worked out for this purpose and was adopted by the Council in March, 1925. The proposals—the careful work of a joint committee of jurists and military experts—might well have been effective if they had been applied; but they have never been applied. It has been open to any nation to complain that Germany was rearming and to demand the stringent investigation provided for; but, from fear of the political storm this would raise, no nation dares to make the demand.

Two conclusions follow: (1) that there is no evidence here that control, if exercised, would not be effective in preventing rearmament, especially the more dangerous, the material rearmament; (2) that the system of control must be *automatic, periodic* —that is, it must be carried out constantly and in the normal course of international government, without waiting to be asked for. (This has now the strong support, in particular, of the U.S.A.)

The British Draft Disarmament Convention includes the proposal to set up a Permanent Disarmament Commission with very wide powers. The view of the French Delegation is that the Commission, as proposed, would be far too large to be effective, for it would consist of representatives of about sixty governments, each with three advisers, making an unwieldy body of about 240 far from independent officials; also that, as shown above, it is not enough to make an investigation only when a complaint is made against a particular government. The French have therefore put forward amendments, of which the main points are these:

1. Investigation, at least once a year, by small bodies appointed by the Permanent Disarmament Commission.

2. Complete immunity for persons giving information in good faith concerning facts to establish a failure to keep the Convention (this involves an amendment of German law).

3. Sanctions in cases of non-observance of the Convention.

The important point to remember is that control appears to be the best means of giving France and others the security which would induce them to disarm; control is *preventive* security; large-scale sanctions, when large-scale war has already broken out, are the alternative to strict automatic control by suitable bodies.

This breathing-space, which the adjournment of the Disarmament Conference gives, is a good opportunity for those who seriously desire world peace to think out their attitude to the British proposals and to these common-sense criticisms and, when they have made up their minds, to take the trouble to let their M.P.s know.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

65 Portland Place, W.1.

NAZI EDUCATION

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me as joint organising director of the New Education Fellowship to comment shortly upon an article which appeared in your columns last week headed "Education under Hitler." May I first of all correct two incidental misstatements contained in it? The New Education Fellowship has not been banned in Germany. Your correspondent's error probably arose from the following circumstances. The New Education Fellowship is an international body, governed by an international executive board, to which are affiliated some 48 autonomous national sections and groups. A German section of the Fellowship, amalgamating certain local groups already in existence, was formed in 1931. One of these local groups, with headquarters at Hamburg, has recently been "banned"; that is to say no state official, i.e., teacher, may belong to it, although parents and others in unofficial positions can still be members. No report has been received at headquarters as to the banning of any other group, and the German section of the Fellowship continues to exist. The New Education Fellowship, as an international organisation, has not been proscribed, and its German members are still actively co-operating with headquarters.

The statement that " copies of the German organ of the Fellowship are liable to confiscation " may also produce a wrong impression. *Das Werdende Zeitalter*, the organ of the German section of the Fellowship, has not appeared since last summer. If back numbers are liable to be treated as Socialist literature by individual Nazis, this hardly constitutes a general proscription.

These facts are only of importance in so far as they indicate the uncertainty of the situation in Germany and throw light upon the dilemma in which the Nazi movement finds itself in its relations with the outside world. Having sought to raise German self-esteem by a campaign of fervent nationalism, it realises now that it cannot afford to forfeit the good will of other nations. Under these circumstances it would be well for us to wait awhile before judging what the Nazi movement will ultimately mean for German schools. We must remember that education is fundamentally a matter of attitude, and that attitudes are not changed by legislation, whether in a liberal or in a reactionary direction, as all progressive school administrators know to their cost.

Furthermore, we must not think that the Nazi regime in education is a sudden eruption. It has already been tried out in Thuringia under Dr. Frick, the present Minister of the Interior for the Reich, and under the conditions of that time could be said by common agreement to have failed. In fact, Nationalists and Nazis, as enemies of the Revolution and the Weimar constitution, have always been politically opposed to the new education movement, which owed its great success in part to the revolutionary conditions of the post-war period. It is a sad fact that neither right wing nor left wing in Germany can be absolved from the charge of making political capital out of the schools. During the last three years, therefore, the rise of intransigent nationalism has caused increasing difficulties to the new education, difficulties which have been added to by the economic crisis. Many German educators, in consequence, believe that the best way out is to insist upon the " autonomy of education "—the right of the teacher to consider only what is best for each individual child, rather than to stress two types of education, one connected with one brand of politics and one with another.

W. T. R. RAWSON
Joint Organising Director
The New Education Fellowship,
29 Tavistock Square, W.C.1

GRITH FYRD CAMPS

SIR,—The organisation known as Grith Fyrd Camps (" Grith," Peace and " Fyrd," Militia) has come into existence in response to the present situation. A chain of permanent camp-communities is being formed in which young men of all classes can live a worthwhile life, even though precluded from earning a living.

It is more than an " Unemployment Scheme," for it aims at filling needs—which would be urgent even if there were no unemployment—(1) for the regaining by our young men of that personal experience of primitive adventure which was lost in the migration from country to town; (2) for the constructive use of readiness to face danger and difficulty in the service of their country; and (3) for education in the purposeful use of the leisure which humanity has secured by the elaboration of machines.

The first camp is at Godshill, near Fordingbridge, on the north-western edge of the New Forest. When equipped and fully established the camps will approximately maintain themselves. The money paid by those who participate—£1 weekly by non-insured persons and the State unemployment or other benefit by the men entitled to them—will supply the greater part of their needs; the work of the men themselves will provide the balance.

Those working within the scheme, while living a full and healthy life, will find time to provide an increasing proportion of each other's needs. They will avoid competition, by sale of goods or services, with the industrial community; the contributions required from it for their upkeep will diminish as their powers of self-help increase. Their life whilst " unemployed," though not rich in comfort, will be full of interest, affording an honourable and adventurous alternative to industrial life. The men who come to the camps are drawn by the prospect of adventure and of national service; they form a community closely resembling that of a university, where young men of varied experience and outlook compare views and work together.

Those who come from public schools and universities will be able to contribute the full cost of their maintenance. On each of the others there is a weekly deficit and help is required to meet this as well as for the equipment of new camps and for the expenses of management. The address for contributions or inquiries is: Grith Fyrd Camps, Toynbee Hall, London, E.1.

The camps offer to a man a real opportunity to work out his own salvation. The undersigned appeal to all who feel the gravity of the present situation to see to it that the wherewithal to equip these camps is not lacking.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE
J. R. BELLERBY
MARGARET G. BONDFIELD
RONALD C. DAVISON
LAURENCE HOUSMAN
EDITH M. HULSE
J. SCOTT LIDGETT
JOHN MACMURRAY
ARNOLD S. ROWNTREE
MICHAEL E. SADLER
MARY TREVELYAN
AUBREY T. WESTLAKE (Chairman)
J. NORMAN GLAISTER (Hon. Secretary)

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

SIR,—The publication of the *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, by J. L. Garvin, gives topical as well as historical interest to the following letter from Chamberlain to Henry Broadhurst. Written a few months after the fall of Khartoum, it discusses the control of foreign policy in a democracy in time of emergency. Broadhurst (1840–1911) was for many years secretary of the Trades Union Congress, and in 1885 was one of the two working men in the House of Commons. The original of this letter is in the possession of Broadhurst's niece, Mrs. H. Hopkinson, with whose permission it is published.

W. KAYE LAMB

Highbury, Moor Green,
Birmingham.
Private. April 6th, 1885.

MY DEAR BROADHURST,— . . . The fact is that a plausible pretext is never wanting. Take, for instance, the Crimean War which I suppose we are both agreed now in condemning, but at the time it was recommended on two of the grounds stated by you as justifying a war, namely, first, the protection of an ancient ally who was the subject of unprovoked aggression by a stronger Power, and secondly, the resistance to the Russian advance, which was supposed to threaten our Eastern communications.

The more I think of the matter the more difficult I find it to formulate any principle of universal application. Each case must be dealt with on its merits and as it arises.

I agree, however, that non-intervention in all European conflicts should be the rule, and I should add to that that arbitration should be at least offered in every case before proceeding to extremities.

If war does take place our democracy should avoid the errors of the French. They should understand that no war and no diplomacy is possible if every step is to be the subject of popular criticism and popular agitation. In all times of national crisis the Romans found it necessary to appoint a Dictator, and the English Democracy will have to do something of the same kind if it wishes to avoid a great disaster. In other words it must exercise the greatest care in choosing its Government and then must give it an unhesitating confidence for at all events a sufficient period to test its policy effectually.

In the Egyptian difficulty in which we have been so long engaged I believe that half our troubles have arisen from the pressure of Parliament and the fear of public opinion. If we could have refused to give any explanation or answer whatsoever after our first statement of policy, until at all events some entire change of circumstances took place, and if we had been left alone to pursue steadily the policy which commended itself to us, I believe the matter would have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion before now. What is called the vacillation of the Government is really only the reflection of the vacillation of public opinion as expressed in Parliament and the Press. In the case of Egypt it does not very much matter as the issues after all are not of first class importance; but if we were engaged in a European War it would be most serious.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
(Signed) J. CHAMBERLAIN

THE TOLL OF THE ROADS

SIR,—The feelings of those who, like the present writer, have had their nearest and dearest wiped out at a stroke, can hardly be expressed in print when they read the contention that speed is not a chief cause of the daily toll of the roads. Though a single case may not be proof of the general statement, its appalling circumstances will serve to drive the lesson home. On March 24th this year, about 9 p.m., husband, wife, and son, while crossing a country road, were knocked down and killed, two of them outright, by a motor car. Swift and sure as any tank the engine of death mowed them down. It would take too much of your space to give all the details, but to unprejudiced persons it is

abundantly clear that the victims saw the car but did not reckon on the speed it was going at. Moreover, a car of rather a small type could only work such havoc if it was going at a tremendous pace. So that in two ways in this case, as in many others, speed was the main cause of the catastrophe.

The coroner's verdict was "accidental death," without comment, and the police decided not to bring a charge. Criminal proceedings are thus barred and there is no ground for a civil action, there being no actual financial loss. The whole matter therefore sinks into oblivion, to the intense resentment of the relatives, who feel that many persons are under the almost certainly false impression that the victims' fate was due to their own negligence. The driver, having got off without censure, may continue with impunity to take the same risks, and others will be emboldened to do likewise.

A NEAR RELATIVE OF THE VICTIMS

SIR,—Mr. Davidson refers me to an article in which he says that I will discover "one of several considerations brought forward by the police which led to the abolition of the speed limit, namely, that in the Metropolitan area very few fatal accidents occur except at speeds of less than twenty miles an hour," etc.

Evidently Mr. Davidson is not aware that the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, giving evidence before the Royal Commission on Transport in 1929, advocated the *retention* of a speed limit in the Metropolitan area. T. C. FOLEY

3 Tudor Street, E.C.4.

THE CHURCH AND THE AGE

SIR,—In a paragraph headed "The Church and the Age," you seem to criticise the *Times* for stating that the Church is in no way concerned with "the ideal of social justice and the achievement of a social order." In view, however, of the continued policy of the Church in regard to social questions should not the *Times* rather be congratulated upon so unequivocal a statement of fact? To which, however, might have been added: "But the Church *is* concerned with the preservation of a social order."

Your reference to the "stupendous failure" of the Church of England to Christianise the English people is hard to understand, since it is surely impossible to fail in that which has never been attempted. LILIAN LORING

9a Belsize Park, N.W.3.

SIR,—In your issue of June 3rd you take the *Times* to task for its statement that the real work of the Church is "to gain afresh the nation for Christ" and not social betterment. Surely in this the *Times* is correct. Religion and morality are fundamentally distinct. The task of religion is the adulation and placation of the tribal or national deity, and it is not essentially connected with ethics. That Christian leaders from time to time have striven to unite the two does not alter their intrinsic difference. A comment on "its stupendous failure to Christianise the English people" might be that nowadays we prefer morality.

Oakdene, Mundesley, DOROTHY W. COLEMAN
via Norwich.

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH

SIR,—I am not foolish enough to expect sympathetic reviews of my work, or to be surprised when I am grossly misrepresented even (shall I say?) in THE NEW STATESMAN. I should not have thought of writing in protest merely because your reviewer, "dealing" with me in the current issue, represents me as advocating Marxism, "so that a Communist tyranny can impose the reading of *The Calendar* on an unwilling proletariat," and as prescribing the work in question "as an educational text-book." I say I should not have thought it worth protesting, though the latter account appears to be a wanton parody of something on the dust-cover, and the former reverses the anti-Marxism, implicit and explicit, of what I actually wrote. Perhaps the tone of the review would have been enough to advert your readers, even if your reviewer (deprecating "humorlessness") had not advertised his quality by solemnly complaining of Mr. L. C. Knights' *How Many Children Had Lady Macbeth?*: "His title is misleading. He asks a question on the title-page, but never thinks to answer it."

But there is one misrepresentation that I have special reasons, relating to my part in a certain educational movement, for wishing to have corrected. "Dr. Leavis' criticism of the Cambridge English course is justified, though Mr. F. L. Lucas has stated the case better in *Cambridge University Studies*, 1933," writes your reviewer, dealing with my *How to Teach Reading*. In that pamphlet I say nothing at all about the Cambridge English course; such criticism as I offer of English courses elsewhere discriminates implicitly (as your reviewer, with a knowledge of the elementary facts, would have been aware) in favour of Cambridge. Not that I haven't criticism to offer of Cambridge English, but, from all that I hear, it would be on different lines from Mr. Lucas's.

6 Chesterton Hall Crescent, Cambridge. F. R. LEAVIS

DISARMAMENT

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers who happen to be teachers or teacher-students to the Teachers' Peace Conference on Wednesday, June 21st? This will be held at 7.30 p.m. at the Friends' Meeting House, Manchester.

This conference has been called by the Teachers' Group of the Manchester, Salford and District Joint Disarmament Council, for the purpose of forming a Teachers' Peace Society. A draft of the suggested constitution indicates that workers in the sphere of education have a *special* task to perform in the maintenance of *peace*, and that all such people should be ready to work to that end, irrespective of political or religious creed. It is expected that the Conference will be representative of all educational organisations in surrounding districts of Manchester—and, in spite of summer's coming-in on June 21st, one hopes that this important event will be supported by all who realise present dangers to world peace.

(All correspondence to Messrs. Bushnell and Thomas at the Friends' Meeting House, Manchester.)

E. L. BUSHNELL, Secretary,
V. L. THOMAS, Assistant Secretary
Teachers' Group of the Manchester, Salford and District Joint Disarmament Council

TOYNBEE HALL

SIR,—Toynbee Hall will celebrate next year the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation as a residential settlement, and to mark the occasion there will be published next year a history of Toynbee's fifty years of active life. It is desired to make this account as complete as possible, and in order that we may do so I wish to ask all old residents, Associates and others who may have material relating to the Settlement or its activities in its early years, or to Canon Barnett or those who were associated with him, to be good enough to assist by permitting it to be used for this purpose. All correspondence should be addressed to Mr. J. A. R. Pimlott, at Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, E.1.

Toynbee Hall, J. J. MALLON,
Warden

LAND VALUATION

SIR,—I think that you scarcely appreciate the reason for the Tories' objection to the land valuation clauses in the Finance Act of 1931.

These clauses require the filing of the particulars of the price at which all property in the country has been sold, and the rent at which it has been let. Information of actual figures is thus available for the great taxing departments of the State. In fact a valuation of property in the country is being obtained at practically no cost. It is this which angers the Tories, and which caused them to repeal the clauses in *their* Finance Act.

Horley. H. H. STOCKDALE ROSS

Miscellany

WILD DECEMBERS

I DO not often, I may say usually, agree with the verdicts of popular taste upon the respective merits of plays; but after close on thirty years of professional theatre-going I have obtained some notion of the kind of qualities about which the public are certain to be exacting, and the defects to which they will certainly be blind. Their preferences do not seem to me so freakish as those of my colleagues. There are at present two plays running about the Brontës. One at the Royalty Theatre, *The Brontës;* one at the Apollo Theatre, *Wild Decembers* by Miss Clemence Dane. The former has been

running for over fifty nights ; the latter is barely a fortnight old but it has already been nearly shipwrecked by bad notices. Mr. Cochran resolved to withdraw it at the end of the first week, and withdrawn it would have been had not Miss Diana Wynyard, who plays the part of Charlotte Brontë herself, courageously resolved to carry on. She was supported by the enthusiasm of the cast. If you go to *Wild Decembers* you will enjoy the sight of that cast acting together with a sense of the importance of their several contributions to a total effect, understood and appreciated by each actor and actress. She must have been encouraged, too, by the quality of its reception. The night I went, it was the third performance, the audience was thin, showing the immediate effects of the bad notices. The peculiar sound of paper applause is familiar to me, of that clapping which is only thanks for a free seat at a dull play. This applause was different. There was no doubt about it ; the thin and paperish audience had been deeply stirred and interested—and I among the rest.

I went to the Royalty Theatre. *The Brontës* had been praised by critics and used by some as a stick with which to beat *Wild Decembers*. Incredible ! *Wild Decembers* showed an imaginative grasp of character ; the play which bore their name was improbable, cheap and vulgar. It is vulgar to account for passion in Emily Brontë by an intrigue with a curate, and to see more farce than tragedy in the devotion of Arthur Nichols for Charlotte ; it is stagey to make the principal figure of the story a stiff old man who reads duller parts of the Bible aloud and invariably stumps snarling up to bed ; it is improbable to make Emily boast eloquently of her depth of feeling and her ambition, and cheap to exhibit Branwell as a drunken fop. How could this have happened ? It often happens in the world of books : a life of some remarkable person is published, a bad book, but the subject prompts interested comment in the papers ; it is followed by another and this time a good life of the same person ; but it is either ignored or criticised by reviewers who, having already expatiated on that theme, now devote their attention to picking holes.

The class of dramatic performance to which *Wild Decembers* belongs is the stage biography. In a series of chosen scenes Miss Clemence Dane sets out to tell by picture and dialogue the story of the three sisters' lives. Owing to the spread of literary education more and more people are becoming interested in famous personalities. M. Sacha Guitry discovered this long ago, and gave Parisians opportunities of seeing Pasteur, La Fontaine, Mozart and other famous men upon the stage. The device may be used by a dramatist as a cheap one to excite interest and shirk the drawing of character, or it may prove in his hands a project which taxes his imagination to the utmost. The test of the biographical dramatist is, would his characters still be interesting if they bore unrecognised names, and would the situations in which they appear excite us if we did not already know their story ? It is an exceedingly difficult test to apply when we know it. Frankly, I do not know for certain how Miss Clemence Dane's work would have impressed me had the three young women and their brother and father been called Brown. I think I would have written about it as follows : " This is an extremely jerky play about an extremely interesting family. The character drawing at moments is very subtle ; the emotional scenes are deep and moving. The author has a remarkable power of invention where character is concerned, but absolutely no invention in the construction of a stage-story. In the first act we are shown three young women, and a brother, the imaginative children of an old country parson. They are isolated, intense and longing to escape ; the youth is evidently a victim of the 'artistic temperament.' In the second act, the eldest of the sisters goes to a pension in Brussels to learn French and teach English. She falls in love with her French master. He apparently is hardly aware of it, or pretends not to be ; and in torture of heart and conscience, though she is ultra-Protestant in her religion, she visits a church and confesses to a priest. She knows she must leave. She returns home heart-broken, back to her violent, concentrated, silent sister Emily, to her amiable youngest sister and her old eccentric father. In Act II, which is divided into four scenes and covers twelve years, we are back in the cold Yorkshire parsonage. We now discover that all three sisters have remarkable gifts as writers—Emily and Charlotte are both women of genius, and even the youngest and weaker Brown girl turns out to be a poet and a novelist. This is as much a surprise to us as it is to the old parson himself. On the other hand the brother has proved to be an imaginative waster ; he has been broken by love-disappointment, humiliation and drink. What happens? The three sisters publish poems under masculine pseudonyms, but the book is a complete failure. Then Charlotte, the eldest, writes a novel which instantly becomes famous. Into it she has poured, apparently, all the misery of her thwarted love, her humiliations as a poor, plain governess, her ascetic pride. Each of the other sisters publish novels which though not so successful are recognised as remarkable though brutal. The blaze of fame in London is suggested by a scene in which the publisher is amazed to discover that the authors of these books are timid provincial young women. And then what happens ? Death enters the parsonage. First the eager, imaginative, weakling brother dies of consumption, but not before he has contributed a macabre despair to the story of the second sister ; next, that resolute young woman herself dies on the stage before our eyes, then (mercifully off stage) the youngest. The successful novelist and the old man are thus left alone together ; he, selfish but at last proud of her ; she, heart-starved and still trampling on the emotions she most values in herself, snubbing meanwhile the long devotion of a clumsy curate till—suddenly, she catches sight in *him* of the torment of love she knows in herself only too well. Clumsy fellow though he is he proves irresistible. This is a love scene of rare penetration and beauty. Against her father's will she marries him, and in bringing rest to a faithful lover she finds rest at last herself. But she, too, is doomed. The agonised husband and the frightened old man know she is not strong enough to bear the child that is already on the way ; and in the last scene her death is foreshadowed by funeral bells, while her husband vainly tries to hide (it was his perfect transparency which won her) his racking anxiety." And what would I have said of this play about the Browns ? That it would have made a magnificent novel, though the distribution of so much genius among the characters was over-taxing probability ; and I would probably have added that the author had mistaken her medium.

But it does make a difference that these figures are the Brontës ! We know the poems and stories which came out of loneliness and poverty of life, and knowing this we are alive to every stroke of character. These are admirably placed and excellently interpreted. Miss Wynyard is, it is true, far too pretty a Charlotte—but that does not really matter. She does convey by ungracious abrupt movements the stress within, and the incomplete self-mastery of Charlotte, which made her censorious and restless, and unable, like her sister Emily, to forgive or help Branwell. She acts magnificently at two important moments : the moment of her parting from M. Heger—so flat, so hampered a good-bye, and when with amazement, bewilderment, distress, she recognises in her clumsy suitor the pain of love she knows and honours. How well, too, Mr. Ralph Richardson here plays a profound and graceless sincerity ! The essential thing in acting Emily is intensity. Her reserve must suggest the heat that glows darkly through the doors of a smelting furnace. It is hard to convey that impression ; yet Miss Lehman succeeded. And Branwell, too, is not an easy part—the weak, effusive, imaginative selfish exhibitionist. It is only too easy to kill sympathy in representing him, but Mr. Emlyn Williams never did that. Mr. Barron is admirably restrained in the too tempting character part of old Brontë. The Hegers alone fail to come up to the standard of the cast. M. Heger should have been short, elderly, vital and abrupt. For the sake of the acting, for the sake of the imaginative interpretation of the dreary tragic history out of which the work of the Brontës sprang, *Wild Decembers* should be seen.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

NEAR AN OLD PRISON

When we would reach the anguish of the dead
Whose bones alone, irrelevant, are dust,
Does it not seem as though we must, we must
To some obscure but ever-bleeding thing
Unreconciled, a needed solace bring—
Like a resolving chord, like daylight shed?
Or through thick time must we reach back in vain
To inaccessible pain?

FRANCES CORNFORD

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Alfresco Shakespeare

The venture of Messrs. Sydney Carroll and Lewis Schaverieu in open-air production in Regent's Park deserves all praise for its courage, and they seem to have tackled the many difficulties involved with considerable thoroughness. No doubt, from the commercial point of view the microphones and loud speakers are essential, though from a distance their roars and chatterings suggest another place at feeding time. But for those who are within natural earshot of the players, *Twelfth Night* on a grassy bank with a background of trees is a very pleasant experience on a hot afternoon. Mr. Robert Atkins's use of his new resources is excellent, though a slight modification of tradition in the drinking scene—say, lanterns instead of candlesticks—would comfort those weaker vessels whose imaginations are less than Elizabethan, without sacrilege. It is rather a pity, too, that the black-and-white production—excellent as a stimulating novelty to jaded theatre-goers last year—is preserved in circumstances where rich colouring would achieve its maximum effect. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia and Mr. Atkins as Sir Toby Belch are almost as effective out of doors as in the theatre. Miss Margaretta Scott is a very delightful surprise as Viola—brimful of vigour and humour, with just the right trick of flamboyance for an open-air performance—her Rosalind, one imagines, would be worth going to some trouble to see. Sir Nigel Playfair, physically out of the Malvolio tradition, cannot quite smother his natural common sense and soar to the requisite height of the steward's imagination, and is, therefore, merely workmanlike.

Almost a Comedy

The author of *Fly Away Peter*, at the Embassy Theatre, is terrified of being serious or old-fashioned. Consequently, his play has hardly enough roots for real comedy, and if it has a long run it will be old-fashioned before the end of it: which is just as it should be with a witty, slick entertainment of this kind; the kind that produces a continuous and expectant titter with nothing so vulgar as a hearty laugh. As such it would be hard to beat. Mr. Basil Foster keeps everybody one joke behind him throughout, and the other members of the cast of four, including that talented actress Miss Ellen Pollock, get every ounce out of the author's suggestions. A painter who paints nudes in sunlight and one who paints the outsides of houses, a university education and a few good society connections being the only necessities for an exchange of *genres*, provide a good basis. The play should run in the West End if the author is called in now and again to bring the dialogue up to date.

Exhibition of "Artists of To-day"

An exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery in Litchfield Street includes works of art in various mediums—pictures, sculpture, pottery, wallpapers and all that decorates a modern room. It illustrates well the tendency in recent art, and not only decorative art, to combine decoration and expressiveness. The paintings are well chosen to show the range and variety of modern picture-making with the charming, emotional, vividly seen *Window*, by Winifred Nicholson, at one end of the scale, and the perfectly controlled but emotionally dead *Composition*, by Edward Wadsworth (a painting representative of his recent development), at the other end. The delightful pictures of Ivon Hitchens and Frances Hodgkins lose nothing by being, aesthetically, somewhere between the two. Two drawings by Barbara Hepworth are extremely interesting. They have a definite connection with her sculpture, but show a vivid feeling for the medium. Her work, the sculpture and drawings of Henry Moore and the paintings of Ben Nicholson all show a feeling in common. They illustrate forcibly the recent bridging of the gap between painting and sculpture, so that the two take their places side by side as decorative elements in the modern room. Also their works in this exhibition confirm the impression that these three artists are doing a great deal to make modern English art vital.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 9th—

"Don Carlos," Covent Garden, 8.

SATURDAY, June 10th—

A Country Folk Dance Party for Children, organised by the English Folk Dance Society, Hyde Park, 3. For Adults at 7.

SUNDAY, June 11th—

S. K. Ratcliffe on "Freedom and Government," Conway Hall, 11.
O. Garrison Villard on "President Roosevelt," Willoughby Hall, 1, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
"Clean Hands," Piccadilly Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 13th—

Flower Show, Iris Society, New Horticultural Hall.
Mock Trial on "Conspiring to Spread Mental Fog," Prosecutor: Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P. Defendants: Sir William Beveridge, Sir Arthur Salter, Prof. T. E. Gregory, London School of Economics, 5.30.

WEDNESDAY, June 14th—

Sir Herbert Samuel on "The Tree of Good and Evil," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, June 15th—

Meeting to commemorate the services of Mr. Justice McCardie to the cause of sexual and marriage law reform. Speeches by Dr. Edith Summerskill, Dr. Norman Haire, and others. Conway Hall, 8.
"Cupid and the Don," Westminster Theatre.
O.U.D.S., "A Midsummer Night's Dream," produced by Professor Reinhardt, South Park, Headington, Oxford.

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COURTAULDS FABRIC

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A JAPANNED black metal box came into my possession some months since, its contents are family letters which begin with a Yorkshire paper manufacturer's visit to London at the end of the eighteenth century and end with letters written by persons still living. I set to work immediately to read them with the greatest eagerness—but how thin and faded are the elegant gentilities of a century ago, how uninspiring the spritely references to the comings and goings of unknown cousins travelling upon unknown errands! There were but few traces of the paper manufacturer, and I concerned myself almost entirely with his son, but very soon the Narcissus-like hope that I should find him to be a great-grandfather in my own image had to be abandoned and, giving up any system, I picked at random among letters to wives and sisters, diversified with formal notes from such minor celebrities as Southey and Lockhart. After one or two mornings spent in this way, the japanned black box began to remind me of another family heirloom—a cork-lined deal box full of the remains of butterflies and moths in which even the mites lost interest half a century ago. It is still apparently airtight and when one pushes back the hooks and opens it, one sees a big woolly South American moth, which appears to be made of flannel, a headless Death's-head with the skull marking still discernible upon its thorax, the crumbled tails of Swallowtails and the black fragments of an Admiral. There are no Painted Ladies.

* * *

An usher in a private school in 1811, great grandpapa aged twenty-two, is writing about once a month to his favourite sister. The ink is brown, the hand-made paper isabelline, and when he gets to the bottom of the sheet, he turns it sideways and criss-crosses it with copper-plate news of a "young Oxonian, a native of London, about twenty-three years of age and very lively but labours under a severe rheumatic complaint. We are become already as intimate as if we had been acquainted a dozen years and I assure you my cell is become already as noisy as the Temple of Fame." At the end comes a request: "Mr. F. desires my father would use his own discretion entirely in procuring the hams which he ordered, as he is in no hurry. Tell Ann also to send my Sallust along with them and Moliere's plays if they can be conveniently stowed in the package." I must admit I was thrilled when I found this passage, and I should certainly treasure any Moliere in which I could detect a smell of bacon. But alas, there is little else among those letters of which to be proud or ashamed, or about which one can feel any emotion at all. Time has blown upon good-nature and fraternal feeling; the facetious archness and the sober little exhibitions of good sense are deader than the dust which lies clustered about each thin entomological pin. But of the wild heart of man, of the living jewel that flashed in the sunshine upon the pollen-dusted flower—of these we can guess nothing. If such existed they are forever lost and it is something far removed from them which holds our attention. All things come to dust, and we live so long with that knowledge that dust itself becomes an interest and we pride ourselves as connoisseurs in mould.

* * *

I have read through quite half the box by now and my great-grandparent never completely loses himself in a letter. The passions of his youth were veiled rather than expressed in poetry:

> True—Love has cares; And who a soul would own
> To others' joys and sorrows callous grown?
> True—Love has pains; But can their keenest smart
> Vie with the misery of a torpid heart?

The passions of his age were largely philological—hence a letter from Fanny Kemble's brother found in a much later batch of letters addressed to the British Museum.

"If you have any bowels of compassion and any specimens of Northumbrian Anglo-Saxon, you will lend me the latter for a few days." There is not a trace of evidence on the point, but I am quite confident that the appeal was made in the right quarter and was answered. My great-grandfather, at all events in later life, would always have carried specimens of Northumbrian Anglo-Saxon about his person. Yet I am not disappointed in my japanned black box for I have found in it a figure on whom I often speculate—a friend of my great-grandfather's youth. Coming from the same little town in Yorkshire, Joseph Ritchie went to London as a medical student, and after taking his degree perished in an attempt to reach Central Africa by way of Fez. The schoolmaster had turned curate and Ritchie's letters are addressed to a parish in the north, and amongst them I discovered the following, written in the year 1818, from Paris.

> MY DEAR GARNETT,
>
> I had intended to have written you a very long letter and hoped to have had to-day for it but you will almost excuse my allowing myself to be seduced when I tell you that I stumbled upon Humboldt and La Fayette from whom I have just got free. Have you seen Lalla Rookh? I never met with anything that carried me so completely away into the midst of Roses and Bulbuls and Perfumes and Humningbirds and Jewels and all manner of Precious Stones. How rich English Poetry is by the additions it has received even since we last talked about it. The third canto of Childe Harolde which I should almost be inclined to say is the best. The Prisoner of Chillon not to mention Christabell. I have read a good deal of Wordsworth lately and have become completely a convert to the heretical doctrines promulgated by him and his school. I think I have met with finer poetry in his two vols. of Minor Poems than anything I have read except the best passages of Milton and Akenside. If you will begin by reading his sonnets, his Lines on Tintern Abbey, the Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early Childhood, the story of Michael and his Son—and of the two Brothers and after reading them three times each, differ with me in opinion, I will promise you to reconsider my Verdict. . . . There are several sonnets which I think still finer, but I cannot recollect them. See one beginning: "*The World is too much with us,*" and one on the *Subjugation of Switzerland by the French.* If you have not seen the Poems of Keats, a lad of nineteen or twenty, they are well worth your reading. If I am not mistaken he is to be the great poetical Luminary of the Age to come. How heartily glad I am that we are in so fair a train of getting clear of the trammels of French taste and French Criticism—and that we may still look forward to seeing in our writers some portion of that manly force and originality which characterised the men who graced the earliest and best periods of our literature. Everything appears to me to show a tendency in the public taste at the present moment to revert to what is truly great and national in our literature and Philosophy, the artificial and unnatural System imported from France by the Writers of the Charles II's and Anne's time seems fallen never to rise again. Cowper was the first to break its fetters with us, and now a man would as soon think of building a Castle with Sugar Plums—as of writing poetry by the Rule, Line, Square and Compasses of Aristotle, Boileau and . . .

There the letter is torn across. Consider the date and remember that Keats had published but one volume which contains little of his best work except the two sonnets: "*On first looking into Chapman's Homer,*" and one which I think that young Ritchie must have been reading very shortly before Humboldt and La Fayette came on the scene. For his letter is no more than a prose version of the sonnet which begins:

> Great Spirits now on earth are sojourning;

and ends:

> And other spirits are there, standing apart
> Upon the forehead of the age to come
> These, these will give the world another heart,
> And other pulses. Hear ye not the Hum
> Of mighty workings—
> Listen awhile ye nations and be dumb.

It is more natural and reasonable to like the good than the bad—yet it is always a surprise when one finds anyone recognising a great writer at first sight. And it is curiously thrilling as well. But what did great-grandpapa reply to his medical friend when he had read through Tintern Abbey and the rest three times? Did he take up the challenge or did he signify his warm assent? That, of course, will never be known, but at all events I am grateful to him, and to those who came after him, for preserving the letter.

DAVID GARNETT

POETIC CONTRAST

The Fleeting and Other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Poems, 1930-1933. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Arthur Barker.* 6s.

The pleasures of the imagination are almost illicit, for conscience reminds us that art must have a purpose. There is much to be said, therefore, for the glittering eye employed by the elder romantic poets and those hypnotic passes which enabled us to forget awhile the sound British problems of Good and Evil.

Secretly we enjoy escape from the burden which conscience imposes upon poetry. Blake, for instance, was an incurable moralist, but we really delight in his songs of innocence because they conceal the heresy of antinomianism and, when we read them, we revenge ourselves on Wordsworth. It is tempting to believe that some of Mr. De la Mare's popularity is due to the fact that, without theory or fuss, he has quietly disposed of many poetic traditions rich in moral instruction. In his twilight world of intimations and of lovely hints, an adage would be an intrusion. There was a time when poets thought it their duty to frequent churchyards and moralise beneath yews, but gloomy speculations over our mortality have dwindled in Mr. De la Mare's poetry into epitaphs as frail as sighs. Note how quietly, how wickedly Mr. De la Mare has rescued sundry insects from the cunning toils of the moralists. Forgetful of schoolboy and sluggard, the snail sets off joyfully at moonrise :

> Then, all your wreathèd house astir,
> Horns reared, grim mouth, deliberate pace,
> You glide in silken silence where
> The feast awaits your grace.

He can even indite a poem to an earwig, without reminding us that this despised creature shows, according to our instructors, a high degree of parental affection. There is no new mood discoverable in this new and ample collection of poems, though there is a lessening of naiveté, that perfect device of mind by which Mr. De la Mare, in company with Mr. W. H. Davies, has managed to escape from the demands of public conscience in art. But we find here a darker shadowing, an imaginative uneasiness ; we are never too far from the end of human hopes and despairs, we approach that last " wicket out into the dark, that swings but one way." Although Mr. De la Mare is fastidious in his craft, he can be detected writing professionally, but the dream-laden syllables are so charged with his intense mood that their practised spell overcomes our wideawakeness. Such lines as these might come under George Moore's definition of Pure Poetry :

> When to the inward darkness of my mind
> I bid your face come, not one hue replies
> Of that curved cheek, no, nor the faint-tinged rose
> Of lips, nor smile between the mouth and eyes :
> Only the eyes themselves, past telling, seem
> To break in beauty in the twilight there,
> And out of solitude your very ghost
> Steals through the scarce-seen shadow of your hair.

Of peculiar interest is the long narrative poem based on that cryptic folk snatch from *Hamlet*—" the Owl was a baker's daughter." Here Mr. De la Mare moves once more in that tantalising world of folk-lore and nursery-rhyme imagination, which lies outside the region of Good and Evil. In the lamplight of the village shop appear before us, mysterious and real, the aged beggar, a wanderer outside time, the baker's daughter and her mother. In wise, almost resentless fashion, is revealed the real cruelty of youth, that fierce urge towards self-expression, which is biological in its intensity. But Mr. De la Mare is not a narrative poet and the story evolves upon a lyrical plane. Less effective since the poet turns to argument, is the long poem entitled *Dreams*, which is designed as an answer to the prevalent theories of the subconscious.

Mr. Robert Graves is determined not to surrender his consciousness to the passivity of the dream world, and his poem, *Succubus*, though fabulous in its personification, expresses definitely his fear of the Freudian underworld. He dramatises the plight of the modernist poets :

> Their cheeks are blotched for shame, their running verse
> Stumbles, with marrow-bones the drunken diners
> Pelt them as they delay :
> It is a something fearful in the song
> Plagues them, an unknown grief.

Many of the poet's difficulties are as old as thought itself : he is still afflicted by the clash between the ideal and the real. In a witty address, entitled *Down, Wanton, Down*, he defines accurately that discrepancy between desire and love which has disturbed all lovers. The imaginative totemism of love in which Mr. Aldington has found a refuge from disillusion is not for Mr. Graves : and the tractarian mildness of Christian ritualism towards which Mr. Eliot gropes is too passive. Like Job, he must sit apart and contemplate his universe :

> Dung-worms are necessary. And their certain need
> Is dung, more dung, much dung, and on such dung to feed.
> And though I chose to sit and ponder for whole days
> On dung-worms, what could I find more to tell or praise
> Than their necessity, their numbers and their greed
> To which necessity in me its daily tribute pays ?

Mr. Graves is determined not to call out for civet in order that his imagination may be sweetened. The humble virtue of poetic discipline must be its own reward :

> Trudge, body, and climb, trudge and climb,
> But not to stand again on any peak of time.
> Trudge, body.

It is noticeable in this volume that Mr. Graves has almost abandoned free measures for staple metre, exact rhyme and accurate punctuation. There is a grim pleasure in bottling the imp, and the smaller the cubic space the better. Mr. Graves is still dramatising, consciously, the processes of self-expression, and it is obvious that his imagination has tied itself up in a black knot.

AUSTIN CLARKE

NEW NOVELS

Discovery by Torchlight. By P. WHITEHOUSE. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.

The Station Master. By OSKAR MARIA GRAF. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Singing Out of Tune. By BRYAN GUINNESS. *Putnam.* 7s. 6d.

The Gun. By C. S. FORESTER. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

Aunt Elizabeth. By NETTA SYRETT. *Geoffrey Bles.* 7s. 6d.

Few Things are Needful. By G. MCPHERSON. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

The Pastures of Heaven. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Philip Allan.* 7s. 6d.

It was to be expected that as a novelist Miss Kay Boyle should acquire disciples, for her intensely individual vision is at the same time intensely modern, and brings to a sharp focus so many of the perceptions peculiar to our time that it was bound to affect the vision of some of her contemporaries. Miss Whitehouse (whose other books I shall hasten to read) is perhaps the first of these disciples. She is a less painful writer than the brilliant American : there is in her none of that tendency to hysteria resulting from tortured sensibilities which occasionally displeases in Miss Boyle ; she is mellower, and has developed her sense of humour more than her sense of irony. She has not Miss Boyle's subtle, unerring feeling for form : *Discovery by Torchlight*, after moving easily for two-thirds of its length, begins to jerk and pant like a car running out of petrol, and finally comes to an inconclusive stop. This change of tempo was designed to express an increase of intensity in the emotional atmosphere, but the reader is distracted, the atmosphere dissipated by the breaks in continuity. Despite this fault and one or two odd lapses (Miss Whitehouse seems to think that Conder fans are called after the bird and lorelei after the laurel), the book is to be highly recommended as a delightful piece of work, sober, amusing, intelligent. The persons interest us, and so do their creator's comments ; there is great feeling shown for the atmosphere both of places and persons and—what is equally rare—variety and inventiveness in both. Emma, a novelist, has for three years loved Russel, who writes, paints, constructs a puppet theatre, and refuses to settle to anything. When the book opens, she has begun to chafe at the uncertain nature of his love. He goes to Austria with his cousin Lotta, hoping to persuade a rich woman he knows of to finance his puppets ; Emma, though penniless, goes too. She becomes English governess to a youth—the relations between him, his parents and herself are beautifully done—but she cannot long stay from Russel's side. She joins him at the castle :

> She had come to this foreign valley, simply, without question, out of some truth to herself. That was admirable, surely, that, in an age which had so little surety left. Or was it left still in the hearts of women ? . . . And what was to happen to them if this was so ? With all these gifts, where could they place them, in a time which held few single-hearted men ?

It will be seen that on occasion this writer is not afraid to state a general case, although her book is mainly allusive, and her Emma is an individual whose troubles move us as they would not were she a type. Russel, on the other hand, is not at first more than the familiar unreliable charmer; only at the very end are we given a light on him which should have come sooner:

> He was always surprised and grateful that [women] liked him. They did not realise that this trait was part of the thing that in the end would betray them. They were for Russel an accident, not a pursuit. His affairs with women were to Russel isolated splashes of bright colour; but to the women who had loved him they were grief.

Very decidedly, a book for the discriminating library-list, and an author to watch.

Judging, which is doubtless most unfair, by what gets translated into English, German fiction is in a bad way. The sham greatness of *Alexanderplatz*, the trivial, muddled mysticism of Werfel and Carossa, the H. G. Wells-on-marriage tedium of Arnold Zweig, rise instantly to mind. But at least *The Station Master* is not pretentious; it tells a plain, sordid story of a man enslaved by passion for his wife and ruined by her infidelity and the treachery of her discarded lover. Neither the Station Master nor his Hanni are intrinsically interesting, they are not sufficiently individualised to awaken even a momentary response, the story is peppered with platitudes, and the translation is not good.

Mr. Guinness's story is not unlike Herr Graf's, although its setting is higher in the social scale, and the spirit of the book totally different. Arthur and Agnes fall in love, and family opposition cements their union; they fall out of love and Agnes leaves Arthur. At the start, there was a tendency for Mr. Guinness's amused tone to degenerate into facetiousness; and his adherence to a deliberately superficial level, his refusal to glance into the depths of human nature, threatened to become a bore; but after the description of the honeymoon these fears vanished: the adherence and refusal referred to, the sustained ironic tone, had by then built up something solid and with a strong measure of reality. The troubles of Arthur and Agnes are not invigorating, but they convince. Just as in life, one sees that, without there being one single outstanding "good" reason, they had to part. Only in the final chapter, where she comes to see him in the divorce court, does conviction fail, perhaps partly because the dialogue is so realistic that it is dull; whereas, when Mr. Guinness exercises his agreeable talent for paraphrasing conversations without breaking the narrative, we are amused.

The Gun is about the Peninsular War. Mr. Forester is more interested in his gun than in his persons, which is not the case with me; nevertheless, I enjoyed the book, because it is so straightforward, so sensibly written, without a trace of that "What Ho, without there!" quality which makes many historical novels as dreary as amateur theatricals. Only the last sentence is a grave artistic error, underlining what the whole book has been engaged in saying. Mr. Forester's occasional touches of humour are nicely dry.

Some years ago Miss Rosalind Murray wrote a novel called, I think, *The Happy Tree*, in which some children had an exquisite Aunt with whom they spent the holidays, and who knew how to leave them alone. Since then, this woman has conveniently stood for a very refined form of sentimentality, which causes writers to endow certain persons, scenes or seasons with unnatural perfection. Miss Syrett's *Aunt Elizabeth* is one of these. "'Yes,' the quiet, restrained voice went on, 'It was rather dreadful.'" This use of "rather," as an insincere understatement, is in both life and letters a sign of sentimentality or its near cousin self-consciousness. Aunt Elizabeth's rather dreadful experiences were that she had a mad husband, shot him by mistake but not fatally, left him for another man, took yet other lovers, was fabulously rich, was poor, was exiled; she returned to England in old age to exercise her gifts of understanding, sympathy and social brilliance in converting a niece whose priggishness was ruining her marriage. This was a most laudable object and doubtless there *are* delightful aunts, but to interest us, this one would have had to be portrayed with more detachment. Her author likes her too much. Miss McPherson also is too tender towards her characters. She does not seem to be aware that when Margaret says: "The sea and shore are all I want. They have in them everything I need—coolness—and space—and long, horizontal lines—and the flat curve of the incoming tide" she is being a solemn ass. Not thus are the beauty of nature and the sensibility of humans conveyed. *Few Things are Needful* is quiet and careful, but written out of that too facile imaginative faculty which produces day-dreams, not works of art.

Unlike Miss McPherson, Mr. Steinbeck has a sense of humour. He has taken a small beautiful valley in California, after which his book is called, and has loosely strung together stories of its inhabitants. Some of the stories are grim, for when the local supply of epileptics, congenital idiots and lunatics runs low, the author imports one from San Francisco; he is determined that his valley shall belie its name. He has been much influenced by French authors—Rosa and Maria Lopez, for instance, have an obvious origin in Maupassant—and for this reason, and because of a surface-culture, *The Pastures of Heaven* recall that overrated book *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, although it is not irritatingly precious. Like Mr. Forester, Mr. Steinbeck deals straightforwardly with lives which are active; he is at his best when least literary. He does not breathe quite naturally in what is Miss Whitehouse's native air.

E. B. C. JONES

ELGAR

Elgar: His Life and Works. By BASIL MAINE. *Bell.* 2 vols. 14s. each, sold separately.

Elgar and His Music. By JOHN F. PORTE. *Pitman.* 5s.

Mr. Basil Maine has had the advantage of the assistance of Sir Edward Elgar in writing this extensive study and biography of the leading English composer, and it is the material which Sir Edward Elgar has himself supplied which forms the most interesting part of Mr. Maine's two volumes. The first volume is devoted to the life and the second to the music of the composer, but there is a good deal about the music in the first volume, which is by no means exhaustive biographically.

It could hardly be otherwise, for it is not possible to write a satisfactory biography of a living person; and Mr. Maine's book suffers very much from inevitable restrictions due to the fact that it is impossible to discuss a man frankly before his face. This also may explain the general tone of the first volume, which is rather like that of a parish magazine in which the rector is writing a description of the squire for the benefit of those who only see him on Sunday in his pew and have no idea of what a fine benevolent man he is. Nor is the lack of frankness necessarily all on one side; praise as well as blame has to be tempered to the living lamb when he is being shorn, and remarks about the quality of his fleece are difficult to make, except conventionally. This must be the reason why Mr. Maine has filled large sections of his book with matter like the following on the Imperial March and the cantata, "The Banner of St. George," composed for the Diamond Jubilee:

> Just as Oscar Wilde needed the corrective influence of Marie Corelli to make his position significant, so did an age which, with an old man's wicked wink, was flirting with Socialism, need the blare of patriotic music to rectify its tendencies. It is probable that many a military man, after hearing the fanfarings of the march or the proclaiming finale of the cantata, went back to his home and, bending his knees to the warmth of the fire, addressed his family yet once again upon the familiar subject of "what this country wants is . . ." Elgar's *pom-pom* and *ta-ta-ta* were as sweet a sound to his ears as the great news that Persimmon had won the Derby for the Prince of Wales. The memory of earlier and better days returned as, with a faint thrill, he discovered that he could whistle part of the E flat tune, although with a laugh and a pull at his white moustache he was careful, and a little proud, to confess that E flat, even if it was major, was Greek to him.

It depends upon one's point of view whether one describes writing of this sort as padding. Personally, I would have none of it; and think that Mr. Maine's book would have been far better had it been compressed into a single volume. The most interesting and informative matter in the first volume is contained in the Appendix, which consists of ten letters from Sir Edward Elgar to Hans Richter. These show the composer in a new light. In a letter dated October 25th, 1901, he writes from Liverpool:

> I must send a little letter to thank you many times for your great kindness to me: the performances last night were truly magnificent—the *Coriolan* was subl me.
>
> My own overture was most exhilarating and I was glad indeed to hear it under your sympathetic and most masterly direction; but it has taught me that I am not satisfied with my music and must do, or rather try to do, something better and nobler.

The last letter was written on November 24th, 1913, when sending

Richter the score of *Falstaff*, after his retirement from conducting. In it he says :

> My dearest friend, if you *can* write to us, if you have the time that is to say, please do *not* write in English : we can *read* German as easily as our own tongue. I cannot *talk* at all, although my dear wife can—but do not trouble to send *English to us*—German will be welcome and doubly so from you.

In the discussion of the works in his second volume, Mr. Maine writes very sensibly about what is possibly the finest of all Elgar's orchestral works, *Falstaff*; and I think the reasons he gives for the still inadequate appreciation of this remarkable work are sound. Mr. Maine is moderate and reasonable in his treatment of the bitter controversy which arose over Professor Dent's article on Elgar in Adler's *Handbuch der Musikgeschichte*, and he is right in thinking that Professor Dent's contribution to another European reference work, *La Musica Contemporanea in Europa*, was more open to objection on the ground that Professor Dent, while devoting a page to Stanford, a page and a quarter to Boughton, only referred to Elgar in a brief and not very complimentary paragraph. I should be surprised, nevertheless, if Professor Dent was not prepared to admit that no other composer in England during the last hundred years has written works of such scale and quality as the composer of the *Enigma Variations* and *Falstaff*.

For those readers who want a brief summary of Elgar as a composer Mr. John F. Porte's *Elgar and His Music* will be found serviceable.

W. J. TURNER

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

Grant and Lee. A Study in Personality and Generalship. By Major-General J. F. C. FULLER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sherman : The Genius of the Civil War. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* Cheap edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Here are two books in which, once again—*Salve atque Vale*—will-power and courage come into their own, two books that tell of finite tasks finished and soluble tasks solved. How refreshing that is in these days when will-power is helpless and courage almost a danger ! In that mood of impatience for being and doing one actually resents it when Lee's native hue of soldierly resolution is cast over with political philosophising ; and one readily understands why Sherman, rather than Grant—the pure soldier rather than the soldier-president—has become the hero of the American Civil War.

To most people Sherman is merely the man who went " marching through Georgia." To some, fewer in number, he is the man who said " War is Hell." After that, he is known as an American general—perhaps as the conqueror of Atalanta—little more. He was much more ; he was the outstanding soldier of that war and he, more than any other man, may be said to have beaten the South. And that brings one to the main purpose of and tenour of this biography, for it is chiefly a record, told lucidly and fully, of that war.

These two books complement one another in that respect and others. For Sherman and Grant were outstanding on the Federal side : were warm colleagues if not intimate friends ; campaigned together up to Vicksburg ; and collaborated at a distance after that when Grant went to Washington as General-in-Chief. For while Grant faced Lee in the Virginian hills, in the West Sherman continued his work among the swamps of the bayous of the Mississippi. There we get, though Major Liddell Hart might have made more of it, an amazing picture of the " Old Bill " of the war, with his battered uniform, his stove-pipe hat, his fuming cigar, driving East to Atalanta, thence in his famous sweeping march through Georgia into Savannah on the Atlantic, and finally round about northward to the rear of Lee. Mr. Lloyd George has been saying in his Memoirs that Sherman swept through Georgia on the principle that this was the flank on which the Union forces could strike the most dangerous blow against the enemy. That is only very partially true. That march was a stroke of genius because there was practically no enemy at all there. Hunt was on Sherman's West at the time with the bulk of the Confederate troops. And if Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, it was almost entirely due to the demoralising effect of that destructive march that cost the South approximately a hundred million dollars. It was a war in which the difficulty was as much to find objectives as to conquer them. Sherman's greatness is partly due to his invention in finding objectives ; and Georgia was only one of them.

But while these two books cover similar ground up to the fall of Vicksburg, the key to the Mississippi, and after that diverge as to subject matter, both before and after they differ in method of treatment. *Grant and Lee* is a study in personality rather than generalship. It is written with a kindly recognition of the average reader's ignorance of the background ; and by describing vividly the two peoples, the two presidents, the two armies, and dealing with such subjects as the two tactics and the two problems, provides a satisfactory introduction to a closer study of the conduct and larger implications of the war. It is well to be reminded that the antagonism of North and South arose primarily out of economic rivalry and not of the slavery question. Nobody travelling south of Washington to-day, with the empty warehouses of New England before his mind, is likely to forget that. So much so that it is not absurd to suggest that the day may come when, with the industrialisation of the South completed, and the West and Middle West looking to the bankers of New Orleans or Richmond rather than New York, an impoverished North may feel exactly as the merchants of the Carolinas felt in the 1860's towards the flag of the Union.

Captain Liddell Hart, meanwhile, concentrates on the military chess-work of Grant and Sherman. So, to Vicksburg, which was after all Sherman's failure and Grant's triumph, he devotes over fifty pages ; while here, where we should expect the fullest treatment from *Grant and Lee*, Major-General Fuller is satisfied with six or seven pages. For the 1864 campaign, on the other hand, Grant against Lee in Virginia, we must turn to the latter book for a detailed account. There can be no doubt, however, about the excellence of Captain Liddell Hart's biography. A thorough piece of work, by concentrating on one figure, it has given, as so often happens in individual biographies as compared with more general histories, not merely a picture of Sherman but a feeling and an understanding of a whole period. His book was first published three years ago in a more expensive format. Re-reading it now, one realises that it deserved the praise it received on its original appearance.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

A QUEER TANGLE

The Private Life of Mrs. Siddons. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Some purists may consider Miss Royde-Smith's style in this biography a trifle asiatic, and may be put off by the first section called " Materials for a Portrait." But if so it will be a misfortune, for Miss Royde-Smith has written a very interesting book. It is not a full-length Life. It does not give a detailed account of Mrs. Siddons' career upon the stage. Miss Royde-Smith tries to find out exactly what sort of woman Mrs. Siddons was, and clear up particularly the tragedy of her later life caused by the disastrous irruption of Lawrence on to her stage.

The Lawrence incident, his emotions towards her, towards her two daughters, who both " died for love of him," towards her brothers, towards her niece Fanny Kemble, and the feelings of Mrs. Siddons for Sir Thomas Lawrence—all this constitutes as complete an imbroglio as any of which we have cognisance. Certainly Lawrence ruined the whole Siddons family. Mrs. Siddons never got over a shock which ended in her early retirement from the stage. The two girls, though they would probably have died anyhow, had their youth made miserable. But Lawrence could certainly boast in return that the Siddonses had made his life unbearable too. He developed a complex about the family and was happy neither with nor without them. Lawrence was engaged, more or less, to both Sally and Maria Siddons. Both Mrs. Siddons and the children seemed above all anxious, however, that he should not marry into the family. It seems even likely that he did not wish to do so. Here comes in Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's particular contribution. Sir Thomas Lawrence was fifteen years younger than Mrs. Siddons. She pretended to feel for him as a mother when she was really in love with him. He dressed up as a filial what was really a passional emotion. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that the emotions of both were mingled. However, Lawrence's real feelings went towards the mother, not the daughters ; while Mrs. Siddons, who had long been the virtuous wife of a boring husband, suddenly found at the beginning of middle life that she was, after all, no better than she should be. Her feelings towards her daughters were partly jealous. It all clears itself up, especially if we are to believe that Lawrence's own emotional life was less normal than has usually

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been supposed. Certainly he never got married; it seems doubtful if he had a mistress; and his relations with women were as illusive as they were intimate. Miss Royde-Smith does not discuss this last theory. But all her acute argumentations lead up to its plausibility. Mrs. Siddons would never act a part unless she was first satisfied that it was "in nature." With this in mind Miss Royde-Smith analyses three of the plays in which she was most successful. Southern's *The Fatal Marriage*, Kotzebue's *The Stranger*, and Home's *Douglas*. What was there in these three now rather absurd plays which Mrs. Siddons found to be "in nature"? Here, again, the analysis is extremely acute, and Miss Royde-Smith provides good reason for supposing that Mrs. Siddons did find in all three plays a machinery for the sublimation of her own life, which was the particular satisfaction which she found in her profession.

The social personality of Mrs. Siddons is a matter of discussion. She has been portrayed as humourless, self-conscious, angular and stupid. Miss Royde-Smith, without pretending she had great social gifts, puts up a good case for her straightforwardness and common sense. There can be no doubt that she was a very sensible woman, as well as the greatest actress of her age.

But one small point. "The Historian" is not the proper title to give David Hume.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

FOUR ENGLISH CAREERS

Bramwell Booth. By CATHERINE BRAMWELL BOOTH. *Rich and Cowan.* 10*s.*

Thirty-Five Years: 1874-1909. By HENRY SPENSER WILKINSON. *Constable.* 16*s.*

Things I Have Seen. By SIR CHARLES OMAN. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Charles Parsons. By ROLLO APPLEYARD. *Constable.* 15*s.*

As a child of seven, and a brand from the burning, the eldest son of the founder of the Salvation Army was taken in hand by his mother. That remarkable woman had caused him to be familiar from infancy with the terrible fact of Sin, and she thought the time of decision for her firstborn already overdue. Would he not, now, give himself to Christ? Bramwell Booth, like any normal English small boy, looked his parent in the eye and said "No." But a few months afterwards she prevailed, with the aid of a keen young evangelist who made hell real to the poor child. Ten years later Mrs. Booth is described as making the lad's life wretched by forcing him to become a preacher, although he protests his unfitness. He was in poor health, due in great part to the savage bullying which his piety had provoked in a single term at the City of London School, and before the end of his teens he was deaf. Despite these drawbacks, he was marked as his father's chief aid and inevitable successor. It was Bramwell Booth, with his curiously womanly appearance, who built up the structure of the Salvation Army and made it a sound business concern. The detailed story of that achievement makes a record of singular interest, both religious and social. Bramwell Booth was possessed by a passion for work among the outcasts of the great cities, and by a passion equally strong for organisation and authority. He had a deeply compassionate spirit, unresting energy, and courage of a rare kind. He was behind W. T. Stead in making the exposure, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1885), of the infamous traffic in young girls; he was put on trial with Stead, but by an accident escaped the prison fate of his colleague. The Booth family is displayed here, as in all their personal records, as a large group, given to fervent expression of family affection (which did not preclude storms and schism), toiling for the Salvation Army, writing letters and uttering exhortations without end. One point worth noting is that, although they pour out their evangelism in an effortless stream, it does not take the usual form of scripture texts: the Salvationists have their own vocabulary and turns of phrase. Miss Bramwell Booth deals briefly with the final episode of her father's career, his deposition from the headship of the Army. He was seventy-two and worn out, and the Commissioners were resolved to act. In their decision there was involved a fundamental change in the constitution, together with the ending of the Booth dynasty. The biography of Bramwell Booth ought surely to contain a precise and objective account of that conclusion.

Professor Spenser Wilkinson has enjoyed a varied career. As a young barrister in the North he discovered in himself an absorbing interest in military history and the science of war. He founded the queerly named Manchester Tactical Society, and contrived, as he explains, to nominate himself a member of C. P. Scott's leader-writing staff, against the eminent editor's wishes. Mr. Wilkinson must be the only journalist who accomplished that feat; but, although at the time an ardent Gladstonian, he was plainly not intended for the *Manchester Guardian*. Far more to his liking was the *Morning Post*, on which journal for many years he doubled the roles of chief leader-writer and drama critic. No English publicist of his time, probably, has so full a knowledge of Army subjects and the professional side of the fighting services, and he can claim to have been more than any one else the founder of the Navy League. As an old Volunteer and an untiring advocate of national defence, he was against the Haldane Territorial scheme, but this did not mean that he agreed with the plans of the sainted Lord Roberts. Mr. Wilkinson's European adventures make good reading, particularly the story of his arrest in Cracow as a Russian spy, forty-five years ago. This is his most entertaining chapter, while his most agreeable one is the warm tribute he pays to the mastery and public spirit of Sir Charles Dilke, his associate over a long period. It is rather odd that Mr. Wilkinson, of all writers, should misspell the familiar word Gurkha, as well as the name of the most notorious general of the American Civil War, McClellan. Also he should know enough about the average knowledge of to-day to realise that it does not do to speak of Neville Chamberlain, *tout court*, when he is referring to a once famous Indian soldier.

Sir Charles Oman has at least one or two things in common with the author of *Thirty-Five Years*. Both are historians, steeped in European affairs, and both have been fellows of All Souls. Sir Charles Oman is able to recall glimpses of Napoleon the Less and the old Kaiser Wilhelm; he was on the spot during several European events, especially the Portuguese revolution; and he had the luck to be present at the last *cause célèbre* heard in the Old Law Courts of Westminster Hall, Belt *v.* Lawes, the suit for libel brought by a sculptor who kept a studio that was like a statue factory. During the late war Sir Charles was employed in the Intelligence division of Whitehall. The account of his varied tasks is interesting, but it would have been much more so if he were less discreet—if, for instance, he had told the full story of the Jutland communiqués, instead of rather less than half.

As for Sir Charles Parsons, father of the turbine, and (if one may adapt an old jest) brother of the Earl of Rosse, his life was almost wholly in his inventions and their application. He was endowed with extraordinary mechanical powers, and his genius was exactly fitted to his age. Mr. Appleyard, wisely, makes little further claim on behalf of a very important inventor.

CICERO THE POET

The Poems of Cicero. Edited by W. W. EWBANK. *University of London Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

An edition of Cicero's Poems has long been needed; but Dr. Ewbank's edition is not ideal. It was written in the form of a thesis and has been published without condensation. Its faults are those common to theses. The introduction is encyclopaedic; classical authors and their scholiasts have been combed for opinions of Cicero as a poet and these are all included without discrimination. Modern critics of conflicting opinions are quoted, but little effort has been made to reconcile the opposites of criticism or make the editor's own views clear. The material has been too much for him.

The commentaries again are comprehensive; there is everything in them that is necessary and much that is not. Their arrangement is unfortunate. All the poems are grouped together and are followed by all the commentaries: but the contents page gives no clue to where one commentary ends and another begins nor is there any clue at the top of the pages of the commentaries themselves. This makes all reference to notes difficult and tiresome. There is also no index.

The result of the publication of Cicero's Poems in bulk (with doubtful attributions, 33 pages out of 267), is to convince the reader that Cicero was capable of writing felicitous lines. Though certainly no poet, he was a more accomplished versifier than the famous: O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam! would lead anyone to suspect. Cicero, like Tennyson a few years ago, is better known for his worst lines than his best.

But the importance of his poetry is historical rather than intrinsic. His development of the hexameter was considerable and influenced Lucretius and Vergil more than is usually thought. So that this book is one that should be read by any serious student of the development of Latin poetry.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Memoirs of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein. Edited and Translated by CECIL BIGGANE. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

There are two successive versions of the Rochejaquelein Memoirs, sometimes called *The Bible of La Vendée*. The version translated by Sir Walter Scott was re-written with the author's permission by the Baron de Barante and is more literary but less vivid than the original text. This second version, the heroine's own narrative, was not published in France till 1889, and not translated till the appearance of the present volume. It is a loosely written but intensely moving story. As the wife of two famous Royalist leaders—she saw Lescure die under her eyes during the dreadful retreat of the Vendéean troops, and bore him a child in a peasant's cottage—Madame de la Rochejaquelein experienced sufferings that might have wrecked the health or destroyed the sanity of an ordinary woman. But she survived to a benignant old age. Her Memoirs are the informal reproduction of the stories with which she used to delight her grandchildren as she knitted interminably beside the fire. No wonder that Napoleon when he read the book pencilled his admiration profusely upon the margin.

Heart Burial. By CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, F.S.A. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The discussion of burials has a good precedent in Sir Thomas Browne. But we are not to look for a companion essay to *Urn Burial* in the present volume. Browne chose his subject by accident, as it were; being moved by the recent discovery of some funerary urns to discourse philosophically and generally on the custom. Mr. Bradford, inquiring with patient and particular research into the practice of heart burial, cuts down comment and conjecture to a minimum in favour of noting special cases, and tracing the rise, spread and decline from the twelfth century to the twentieth. The first known case of heart burial occurred in Anjou in 1117, and the latest recorded instance is that of Thomas Hardy in 1928. Yet as the burial of a heart alone has never been a regular custom, this essay is extended to include the division of the body at death and the separate interment of the viscera—a far more common practice. Thus we find, for example, that Henry VIII, Mary Queen of Scots, Anne of Cleves and Bishop Gardiner are examples of the latter treatment, while Queen Elizabeth provides an instance of genuine heart burial. Another and earlier one was Sir Paul in Pever, butler and councillor to the King, whose body, Matthew Paris tells us, "was buried in London; but his heart was carried to Toddington, where it had been in a restless state during his life."

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Institutional Revenue: A Study of the Influence of Social Institutions on the Distribution of Wealth. By H. D. DICKINSON. *Williams and Norgate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

No one would gather from the title of this book what it is about. It has nothing to do with the revenue of institutions in the ordinary sense; an institution in the sense given to the term by Mr. Dickinson is any sort of grouping which by its collective influence modifies the working of the market laws which would prevail if buying and selling took place in an absolutely free market between individual buyers and sellers. Mr. Dickinson's book is therefore a study not of the returns accruing to collective bodies as such, but rather of the distribution of the product of industry between the familiar factors of production with special stress laid on the largely collective character of those within the modern economic system. The author begins with a discussion of the nature of social institutions, in which he attempts to bring modern sociological ideas to bear on the treatment of economic problems. This section of his book is good but slight. There follows a long chapter in which he attempts an exceedingly concentrated summary of the marginal theory of value as a whole, basing his conclusions mainly on the Jevons-Austrian theory of marginal satisfactions. This chapter is, in relation to what it contains, unduly compressed, but it also appears to be unnecessary for the purpose of Mr. Dickinson's volume, and the author takes up so much space in restating his general economic theory as to leave himself too little for the working out of his own positive contribution. The subject with which he sets out to deal is important, and he makes valuable suggestions towards the handling of it.

The Spirit of Language in Civilisation. By KARL VOSSLER. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Professional historians of language may regret the preponderance of language over logic in this book; but the pedant's loss is the general reader's gain. Herr Vossler has thrown scalpel and measure to the winds and achieved a philosophy of language that is profound and yet full of colour and creation. By the untiring application of thesis and heterothesis he cuts the ground of definition from under our feet, but only to direct our attention to the living essence of language as it floats in space, giving life and form, in its passage to religion, nature and science, to poetry, sentiment and style. He sees it as symbol and again as medium, now abstract concept, now formal and objective; every aspect of language, from the most tenuous and elusive to the most concrete, is displayed with imagination and patient skill. Of particular value is the author's development of those processes through which is manifested the relation between language and nationality and other communities of interest and sentiment.

Local Government. By JOHN P. R. MAUD. Home University Library. *Thornton Butterworth.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Maud's little book is certainly one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the Home University Series, and particularly valuable in that it presents English local government as a living study, instead of the dry collection of barely related facts which comprise the bulk of the majority of text-books on the subject. The structure of local government—areas, authorities, and their powers—is admittedly very complicated, so complicated that most writers on local government never get beyond description of the structure, and leave unexplained how the complicated structure works. Mr. Maud has gone farther; he has investigated for himself the actual working of local government bodies, and the results, particularly in the chapters on Committees and Officials, are a really valuable contribution to the study of the living side of political institutions. It is perhaps rather unfortunate that Mr. Maud was unable to find room for any comparative description of foreign practice, which would have been both interesting and instructive, and might, one feels, profitably have displaced the chapter on History, which, besides being inaccurate at one or two points, is too slight to be of much value. But this is a minor criticism of a very useful piece of work.

The Omnibus Box. BEING DIGRESSIONS AND ASIDES ON SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS, 1830–1850. By MARK EDWARD PERUGINI. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

In his preface Mr. Perugini compares this selective survey with "reminiscences." "Not mine perhaps," he adds, "though something strangely familiar, as if it might be of some ancestral life remembered by the blood, and supplemented by the words of those who were living then." There is, even in these bookish days, a living folk-lore, especially social and theatrical, and a mere century is easily covered. There must indeed be many men and women living to-day whose parents and grandparents have talked often from first-hand knowledge of the people and events, and their backgrounds of which Mr. Perugini chats so agreeably. He opens the book with a double Royal salute fired from the Tower and the Royal Palace proclaiming the accession of William IV. and concludes with the apothesis of the Ballet at Her Majesty's under the management of Lumley. We pass and repass continually from London to Paris, from Paris to London, and firmly set in the social scene of each year we note the taste of the time especially as reflected in the drama, the opera, and the ballet; of which last Mr. Perugini waxes so enthusiastic that it is hard to believe that he was not present when Taglioni, Grisi, Cherito and Grahn danced the famous Pas de Quatre. The book is made doubly agreeable by the wealth of illustrations, derived from contemporary prints.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

THE musical monthlies have been going through one of their periodical flusters with those who insist on taking certain types of jazz seriously. They have been laying about them in brisk and pedagogic fashion and have succeeded to their own huge and evident satisfaction in knocking down one or two of the typical Aunt Sallys of the Roman Catholic columnist (or calumnist). The defence has admittedly been feeble. The most irritating thing about the controversy, though, is not so much the noisy triumph of the Will Hays of musical criticism as the complete inability of either side to distinguish between jazz as played in Harlem and jazz as played in Mayfair. To use the admirable phrase of a well-known gramophone dealer, they do not "discriminate amongst the hot-stuff." This same lack of discrimination is shown in the admirably intended albums of "hot-rhythm" music issued by H.M.V., the connoisseur's album which I reviewed some months back, and the just issued Duke Ellington album. (The word connoisseur, incidently, seems to be suffering the same degradation as the word *bon-viveur*—it is now applied to the man who just likes a lot.) I do not see the point of issuing albums whose contents are in no way distinguished from the ordinary numbers on the catalogue. If the Sibelius society were to devote half their activities to recording his piano-pieces and waltzes, the members would very rightly complain, and without wishing to infuriate the more austere music lovers by so exalted a comparison, I should like to point out that Ellington, though not a great composer, is a composer of considerable merit, and that his admirers have as much right to hear his original work rather than his arrangements as the Sibelius lovers have to hear the symphonies rather than the sonatinas.

Far too much space in this album is taken up by Ellington's adequate, amusing, but quite unimportant arrangements of other people's tunes. The only record that gives us our real money's worth is B6354 which has *Mood Indigo* on one side and *The Mooche* on the other. The record of *Mood Indigo* differs considerably from the previous arrangement issued by Parlophone and, unless my memory has failed me, the record of *The Mooche* is a revision of the one issued in America on the other side of *Hot and Bothered*. How far these revisions are an improvement it is difficult to say. *Mood Indigo* in the present version is a lovely thing but rather lacking in the 4 a.m. grisliness of the earlier record. (The omission of the added sixth at the end is undoubtedly a mistake.)

The same process of refinement has, if I remember rightly, also overtaken *The Mooche*. At the same time this is a record definitely worth getting. The best numbers in an otherwise poor tail are *Old Man Blues* (B6353) and *Black and Tan Fantasy* (B6356). The album as a whole suffers from a monotony of rhythm and does not contain a good example of those breath-taking, bone-rattling records at which Ellington excels. Incidentally, in going through the connoisseurs' album again, I find that in my review I had forgotten to mention an excellent record of this type, *The Duke Steps Out* (with *Cotton Club Stomp* on the other side, B6292). It is to be hoped that when Ellington comes to England he will be allowed to play his own type of music, such as *Creole Rhapsody*, and not be forced to try to adapt himself to the standards of the English night-club.

* * *

Composers like Ellington have set so high a standard in their particular genre that highbrow composers who attempt the same genre must needs go warily. The days when Debussy and Satie could afford to poke a little mild fun at the cake-walk are no more. The typically French *élan* of Poulenc's Caprice for pianoforte (after the finale of *Le Bal Masqué*) prevents too direct a comparison with the atavistic gaiety of the coloured composers, but there is no denying that this sort of thing falls a little flat after the more sharply defined and better constructed pieces of Ellington and Thomas ("Fats") Waller.

Poulenc is on happier ground in the two novelettes on the other side, of which the first has all the engaging and simple charm of an air by Grétry. (French Columbia one 12in. LFX 266, played by the composer.)

Other foreign recordings include four songs out of the Pabst *Don Quixote* film. Music by Ibert, sung by Chaliapin. Not having seen the film, I cannot judge of their dramatic effectiveness; considered merely as music they are distinctly on the dull side, suffering from a great monotony of cadence. (French H.M.V. two 10in. DA 1310–1311.)

Of recent piano records, the most outstanding is Horowitz' playing of Liszt's *Funerailles*—a magnificent performance magnificently recorded; even the sombre clashes of the opening bass notes come out with perfect distinctness. (H.M.V. one 12in. DB 1848). Horowitz' performance is so vigorous, sensitive and well proportioned that we forget for the moment that *Funerailles* is not quite up to the standard of Liszt's other elegiac music—the *Heroide Funèbre* for orchestra, or the *Funeral Gondola* for piano—not to mention the remarkable *Marche Funèbre* in memory of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. It is in Liszt's *eroica ma lagrimoso* vein and seems more conscious of the sumptuous coffin with its purple hangings than of the actual corpse.

I notice that the version played by Horowitz differs in several details from that published in the Durand Edition Classique. Apart from a justifiable filling-out of right-hand passages, several bars in the fanfare section are omitted and others added. It may well be that these variants are authentic, for Liszt had a knack of writing his pieces in different versions. The difficulty of disentangling the several Mephisto Waltzes, for example, is added to by the fact that the piano and orchestra versions of No. 1 do not tally exactly, quite apart from the fact that No. 1 has two different codas in the orchestral version. It is clear that there is room for a really efficient and complete bibliography of Liszt, giving the dates of the different arrangements and specifying the exact points of difference.

CONSTANT LAMBERT

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 24.—PENDULUM GOLF

Slicer plays a better game than Fluff.

"Nevertheless," said Fluff to Slicer, "I will make you the following offer:

"We will play a nine-hole match, all nine holes being played out.

"At the end of four holes we settle on the following basis:

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"Then we swap over our scores. Thus, if you are two up after four holes, I start two up at the fifth.

"At the end of the nine holes, we settle up again on the same basis as before."

"What about holes that are halved?" asked Slicer.

They count to me," said Fluff.

"All right," said Slicer, "I'll take you on."

Given that the odds are two to one on Slicer's winning any hole, and also that neither Slicer nor Fluff attempts to "rig" the result, who should on balance win money? And would the winner be striking a good bargain if he sold his "expectations" for £3?

PROBLEM 22.—GENERAL LAUGHTER

27 units arrived at the bridge south of G.
33 " " " " U.
40 " " " " T.

Of these units,

20 were originally in Camp A.
24 " " " B.
30 " " " C.
26 " " " D.

PROBLEM 21.—THE FIVE OFFICERS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. H. Austin, 17 Sandon Road, Newton Park, Chester.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CONFERENCE BOND GAMBLES—THE GERMAN THREAT OF DEFAULT—GOLD TAX CALCULATIONS

How should the investor view the World Economic Conference? If you are in the speculative swim in Wall Street you will by this time have convinced yourself that the Conference does not affect the stock markets. The President's "brain trust" has delivered itself of the judgment that the Government's internal (inflation) policy is all that matters. If the Conference is a failure, the American business revival can still be made a success. This is the popular Wall Street argument, and the fact that President Roosevelt has sent to the London Conference delegates whose individual views more or less cancel each other out lends official support to the isolationist view. But the British investor cannot afford to be as self-sufficient as the stock market operator in Wall Street. The Economic Conference will be sitting uncomfortably near to Throgmorton Street. A breakdown, a failure to achieve some degree of international co-operation in the monetary and economic fields, could not but have a depressing effect upon the inflated equity shares of British companies engaged in international trade. If, however, an unexpected success were to attend the Conference labours, the most lively scenes would be witnessed not in equity shares, which have already discounted such a result, but in the depressed foreign government bonds which have already discounted a default. Before the Conference doors open for the meetings the speculative investor might well be picking up some so-called "rubbish" in the foreign bond market.

* * *

It is certain that any agreement reached at the Conference for the provisional stabilisation of currencies will bring about a rise in the foreign bonds on which default has occurred as a result of transfer difficulties. And anything done to help silver will (perhaps illogically) help Chinese bonds. Here is a group of depressed bonds with distant possibilities :—

	Present Price.	Low 1933.	Special Security.	Interest Payments.
Chile 5%, 1911 ..	16	9¾	None.	None.
Roumanian 4% Consols.	25	20	Third charge on export taxes.	Interest so far paid, but not sinking funds.
China 5% Hukuang Rlys., 1911.	27	19	First charge on certain provincial revenues.	In arrears since Dec., 1928.
China 5%, 1912 ..	48	36½	Second charge on salt tax.	Interest paid, but drawings in default.

There is something, however little, to be said on behalf of this sorry collection of bonds. According to a very interesting article in the *Economist* of June 3rd, the economic tide has turned in Chile. Who would have suspected that Chilean unemployment would be relieved by a new industry of alluvial gold-washing? Chilean nitrate, freed from the Guggenheims and the international bankers, may yet be placed upon a profit-earning basis. And Chilean copper mines will some day be prosperous again. A long shot, perhaps, but Chilean bonds will rise well in advance of the trade recovery. Roumanian 4 per cent. Consols, strangely enough, is still receiving its interest. Sinking funds have been suspended and the question of interest payments is to be reconsidered in September. Chinese finances have responded to the able control of Mr. T. V. Soong, and if the Nanking Government survives the attacks of its domestic enemies and is allowed to consolidate its financial position, there is a good chance of interest payments being maintained on the 5 per cent. "Salt Tax" Loan of 1912. Even the 5 per cent. Hukuang Railways Loan has just been honoured with a coupon payment —due December, 1928!

* * *

We have suggested before that Dr. Schacht would establish his position in the Nazi Government by declaring a "transfer moratorium" (*vide* our issue of May 20th). Dr. Schacht's statement to the Press after the Berlin conference of Germany's creditors (long term and short) was unequivocal: "A number of objections had been raised," he said, "by the foreign representatives to a transfer moratorium, but most of them were already known to the German representatives and could be largely invalidated . . . The decision of the Reichsbank not to allow any further decline of its foreign exchange reserves was irrevocable. Within a very short space of time it would take measures accordingly. The creditor representatives could have no influence upon any measures the Reichsbank might take." If Dr. Schacht does not mind his step, he will destroy German credit entirely. Everyone is aware that Germany's export surplus is insufficient to maintain her external debt service in full, but if the German Government values its reputation it will not default on the Government loans—7 per cent. (Dawes) and 5½ per cent. (Young)—which were the subject of most solemn international agreements. The Dawes Loan had a clause in the prospectus which gave it absolute priority in exchange. This clause reads as follows :—

> For the purpose of providing the necessary foreign currencies for the service of the loan the German Government, etc., have agreed that funds required to be sent abroad for that purpose shall have an absolute right of remittance, which right shall have priority over the remittance of funds required to be remitted in discharge of reparation payments or other liabilities.

In any transfer moratorium there is no question but that the Dawes and Young loans should be excluded.

* * *

It seems incredible that the South African Coalition Government should not have consulted the mining houses before settling the details of its complicated system of taxation programme. The principle of the new excess profits tax appears fair, and the total amount to be raised this year from the Rand mines is not extortionate, but the practical application of the scheme does not work out according to the intentions of the Government. The mining magnates declare that the new tax will raise much more than the Government wants. It is, of course, very probable that the Chamber of Mines is exaggerating the horrors of the new tax and that the market has over-discounted the effect upon divisible profits. We show in the following table how the taxation may work out for two prominent mines. The results should alarm no one, although the calculation is horrifying :—

		Geduld.	Crown.
Value of ore (dwts.)		6.6	6.5
1932 tons milled		1,018,200	3,320,000
1932 gold production (ozs.) ..		326,200	1,042,800
1932 working profit at 85/- per oz.	(*a*)	£576,500	£1,168,100
Additional profit at 120/- per oz.	(*b*)	£570,850	£1,824,900
Estimated total profit	(*c*)	£1,147,350	£2,993,000
Gold premium profit (*b*)		£570,850	£1,824,900
Deduct 10% of (*a*)		57,650	116,810
		£513,200	£1,708,090
Deduct normal 20% tax ..		102.640	341,618
		£410,560	£1,366,472
Deduct 1/- per ton milled ..		50,910	166,000
		£359,650	£1,200,472
Rate of premium tax* ..		80%	80%
Total premium tax		£287,720	£960,378
Add 20% normal tax on total profit		£229,470	£598,600
Total tax payable		£517,190	£1,558,978
Percentage of total profit (*c*) taken by Govt.		45.1%	52.1%
Amount available for distribution		£630,160	£1,434,022
Potential dividend % on issued capital		43.1%	152.0%

* The percentage of the premium tax is calculated by taking the excess of the actual profit per ton milled over the basic profit (which allows for standard price of gold plus 10%), expressing it in pence and deducting 12. The maximum percentage is 80%.

In the case of Geduld an addition to the available profits must be made in respect of dividends received on its 35 per cent. holding in East Geduld, which is a leased mine protected under the terms of its lease against all additional mining taxation. It is estimated that East Geduld should be able to pay dividends this year of about 6s. per share. This would bring Geduld's potential dividends up to 50 per cent. The potential dividends and yields at present prices work out as follows :—

	High 1933.	Present Price.	Potential Dividend.	Div. Yield %
Geduld, £1 ..	6 15/16	5¾	50%	£8 14 0
Crown, 10/- ..	9¾	8 7/16	150%	£8 17 9

All these calculations ignore the effect upon divisible profits of (a) a smaller amortisation allowance following on an extension of life, (b) allowances for development expenditures, profits spent on development being exempt from the excess profits tax. In other words, they purport to show the worst that can happen.

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